THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For SEPTEMBER, 1811.

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2. LONDON fashionable MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.
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LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

"*Gertrude and Emma Lloyd.*"—We lately wrote to the fair author of this novel a letter addressed agreeably to her directions. Having received no answer, we presume, that, from change of residence, or other cause, our letter has miscarried.—Should this notice meet her eye, we request the favor of a line, to remove our doubts.

Three printed stanzas have been sent to us. But, as they came without a single syllable of explanation, and as we think we recollect to have lately seen them in another Magazine, we are at a loss to discover for what purpose they were sent to us.—If the author should at any time think proper to favor us with any of his *original* productions, they shall meet with due attention.

The "*Handsome Polander*" we intend to publish as soon as we conveniently can: but we cannot promise an early insertion, as we must neither devote too great a portion of our miscellany to novels, nor neglect prior engagements.

Margaretta's stanzas would best appear in the other Magazine, to which she refers.—*We* cannot publish them.—We wish she would favor us with an answer, of some kind, to a former communication from us.

In an *Impromptu*, which the author *knows* to have reached us, we wish the fourth *word* of the second line expunged, as injurious to the sense.

Five Completions of Bouts-rimés, sent under one cover, are come safe to hand, and shall receive due attention: but the time for their publication is not till the first of *November*.—Meantime, if the authors choose to make any alterations, they have an opportunity of doing it, until the fifteenth of October.

The same remark applies to the *Completion* in which occurs a line beginning with "*What clime.*"—We wish that line rendered more grammatical. We could easily amend it: but we rather choose that the author should please himself.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Recovery.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
FOR SEPTEMBER, 1811.

JEALOUSY.

(Concluded from page 360, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

To return to our unfortunate hero—As soon as he recovered from the fainting-fit in which he had been found by Count Mulhausen and his servants, he fell into a violent delirium, which ended in a total derangement of his intellects. In this calamity, the most dreadful to which human nature is subject, the amiable Ruhlsberg found a true friend: and this friend was no other than Miss Patterson—that mistaken woman, who had drawn upon herself universal ridicule by attempting to captivate the hearts of men at a season of life when she should have aimed only at cultivating their esteem. Our readers have already seen that Ruhlsberg was particularly the object of this lady's favor; and they have also been told of those various absurdities, at once disgraceful to herself and laughable to others, which her ill-judged preference impelled her to commit. But our readers have not been told of the noble amends which Miss Patterson made for her errors, nor of the force and celerity with which the rectitude and innocence of her heart threw the rays of truth upon her intellect.

When those scandals against Helmina were circulated at Sleswick, of which the malice of Countess Mulhausen was the secret source, Miss Patterson felt an honest indignation at seeing a person, whom she believed totally blameless, the object of universal censure. The cause, however, which had excited this censure, led Miss Patterson to a more correct examination of herself, than it had been hitherto her custom to enter upon; and she then became persuaded that it was rather more probable that Ruhlsberg should be in love with Helmina than with her sister-in-law: yet, far from yielding to any mean suspicions relative to Helmina's conduct, she ingenuously detailed to her all the reports which had been set afloat, in order that she might gain an opportunity of justifying herself. This Helmina did, fully to the satisfaction of Miss Patterson; and it was not Miss Patterson's fault, if every person in Sleswick was not equally satisfied; for she now became Helmina's most zealous defender against her slanderers.

It was not wonderful that a sentiment of shame and mortification at her own self-deception should incline Miss Patterson to shun the society of Ruhlsberg, as soon as she became persuaded that he had never regarded her with affection. This lady and our hero, therefore, very seldom met after the night of the masked ball: but, in secret, he respected her zealous defence of Helmina's reputation: and such was his manly delicacy, that Miss Patterson gained more in his esteem by this one instance of her goodness, than she had ever lost by the many instances he had witnessed of her folly.

On the night when the Countess was so fatally wounded by Ruhlsberg's pistol, the news of that accident, and of the situation of him

who had innocently caused it, flew through the town of Sleswick; and Miss Patterson was among the first of those whom it reached. Far from shunning Ruhlsberg then, she instantly flew to his lodgings, whither he had been just conveyed by the servants of the Count: she procured for him the best medical advice; she nursed him with the tenderness of a mother; and, when his fever had subsided into a settled derangement, she went with him from Sleswick to Leitmankor, still watching, with indefatigable friendship, the progress of his unfortunate malady.

She had soon occasion to observe, that, in madness, as when he possessed his reason, Ruhlsberg's whole soul was filled with Helmina. The ideas which appeared most constantly to float in his brain, were the scene at the masked ball, and the dreadful pantomime which the Countess had prepared for him. He neither talked nor read; but he would often use his pencil. Sometimes he would copy the portrait he had taken of Helmina exactly, and sometimes he would attach to the figure that terrible death's head, with which the Countess had scared away his senses.

A skilful physician, whom Miss Patterson consulted upon the malady of her unhappy friend, was of opinion, that, if ever he were restored to reason, it must be through the means of some impression upon his mind, nearly associated with those images which continually dwelt there. But those means—those means—how are they to be procured? Where is that regent of his destiny, whose power was so dear and so unlimited? Alas! alas! are not those eyes extinct, which could bring sun-shine to his benighted soul? Is not that voice passed away, which might accustom his bewildered intellect to the clear accents of truth? Yet "of Helmina's death no one was a witness!"

Miss Patterson, following the directions of her medical friend, invited Ruhlsberg to walk with her to the shrubbery at Leitmankor, on a day when he was more calm than usual. This shrubbery had been Ruhlsberg's favorite haunt ever since he had received the news of Helmina's death; because, during those visits which she and Mr. Patterson made to Leitmankor, he had frequently walked with her through its smooth shady paths.——Ruhlsberg now willingly complied with Miss Patterson's request; and she, after they had walked for some time, sat by him upon a green sloping bank, and pointed his attention to a little thicket of liburnums and wild-roses, then sprinkled by the golden rays of noon, and moved by a soft summer breeze.

Ruhlsberg directs his eye where she points, and—behold! the figure of a woman issues from the thicket, and moves towards the green bank where they are sitting. Heavens and earth! it is the very figure of Helmina, in her character of the Holstein peasant: it is her air, her stature, her fairy footstep! No horrid death's head, but the well-remembered mask worn by the sweet Helmina. This mask she snatches from her face: she throws herself into the arms of Ruhlsberg, and exclaims, "Save me! Oh! save me, Mr. Ruhlsberg*!"

A tide of happiness, almost too great for endurance, now rushes upon his soul:—the warm, the blooming, the living Helmina! for it is Helmina's self, whom he now clasps to his heart.—Her mask is

* These are the words which had made so strong an impression upon Ruhlsberg's mind at the masked ball. See our Magazine for May.

on the ground; and her lovely countenance s[illegible]es confessed before him. Oh! these are her own soft blue eyes, which stream with tears for the past sufferings of her lover. Oh! these are her own rosy lips, which so often he has gazed upon with distant admiration, and which now, for the first time, he dares to press with his. Bliss so full, so perfect, so un-expected, acts like a talisman upon the shattered intellects of Ruhlsberg:—his ideas resume a connected chain; and he speaks so as he has never spoken since his last disastrous interview with Madame Mulhausen.

It now remains for us to acquaint the reader by what means Helmina, so long supposed to be dead, is thus restored to life and to her lover. It will be remembered, that, when Mr. Patterson took his wife to the castle which he possessed at the distance of two hundred miles from Sleswick, he nourished suspicions of her conduct with Ruhlsberg, which were highly injurious to her honor. The continual low spirits of Helmina tended to confirm and increase those suspicions, so that, after he had lived a few months in this remote solitude, he seriously believed that he was the most injured of husbands, and that he should be justified in taking a severe revenge.

Being called to a foreign country, on some affairs relative to his pecuniary interests, which were likely to detain him a long time, Mr. Patterson would not quit his home till he had effectually secured Helmina from holding any intercourse with Ruhlsberg during his absence; and, for this purpose, he gave it in charge to a confidential servant to shut up his wife in a remote wing of the castle; for such was the influence of Helmina's spirit and dignity, that he did not dare to appear before her in the character of her jailer. Previous to this arrangement, he discharged all his domestics, excepting those who were in his confidence, in order that the report of his wife's death, which he chose to circulate, might gain the more easy credit. At length this report reached Sleswick; and the distance of that town from the place where Helmina's death was supposed to have happened, precluded all investigation of its truth; and the consequences it produced upon the hero of our tale are already known to the reader.

A few weeks after Mr. Patterson arrived at the place of his destination, he suddenly died: and, as soon as the news of his decease reached the castle where Helmina was confined, she recovered her liberty, and set out for Sleswick. There she learned the dreadful end of Madame Mulhausen, and the calamitous condition of Ruhlsberg.—Miss Patterson showed her the tenderest attention; and she was every-where received with high respect.

Conscious of her own irreproachable behaviour, and impressed with the merits and misfortunes of her lover, Helmina scrupled not to avow how entirely her affections would, ere now, have been Ruhlsberg's, had her duties permitted her to bestow them upon him. With the dignity and firm spirit which distinguished her character, she went to Leitmankor, confessedly to make inquiries after Rhulsberg, and to consult with Miss Patterson and the physician upon the most probable means of curing his malady. If all means should fail, this young and beautiful woman was determined to devote her whole life to the employment of attending in madness the unhappy youth who had lost his reason through the excess of his affection for her.

But a happier destiny awaited the excellent and lovely Helmina. In a month after the scene which passed in the shrubbery, Ruhlberg was restored to as sound a state of mind as he had ever in his life enjoyed; and, soon afterwards, he became the husband of her whom he had so tenderly, so constantly, and so passionately loved.

Sketch of CADIZ *and its Inhabitants; collected from Jacob's "Travels in the South of Spain."*

THE view, on entering the bay of Cadiz, presents the finest collection of objects that can be conceived. On one extremity of the left point, is situated the town of Rota; a little further, the castle of Santa Catalina, and the neat little city of Santa Maria: at a greater distance, on the lap of a lofty hill, stands Medina; nearer the sea, the town of Puerto Real, and the arsenal of the Carracas; and on the extremity of the right hand point of land, the city of Cadiz. . . . . . . The whiteness of the houses, their size and apparent cleanliness, the magnificence of the public edifices, and the neat and regular fortifications, form together a most striking assemblage of objects. The ground opposite to Cadiz has little appearance of verdure; and, except the vineyards near Santa Maria and Rota, all looked brown and barren. . . .

After I had entered the gates, and become a little reconciled to the nauseous effluvia of oil and garlic, I was greatly struck by the extraordinary scene around me, and could have imagined almost that I had suddenly been dropped from the clouds into the midst of a large masquerade: the variety of dresses and characters, the swarms of people, the height and externally clean appearance of the houses, with the curtains drawn across from one side to the other, and the extreme narrowness of the streets, rendered still more narrow by the projecting balconies of painted or gilt iron grating, all produced feelings I never before experienced, and which no language can describe. . . . . .

Our apartments—with the exception of the staircase, which is public and indecently filthy—are tolerably neat and comfortable. The floors are paved with brick—the rooms dark, and consequently cool, with large windows opening into balconies towards the street, which is so narrow that we can almost shake hands with our opposite neighbour. . . . . The beds, which are on tressels, and removed in the day, are good; and the sheets, which are made of calico, with a border of muslin about a quarter of a yard wide, are clean. I have hitherto had no reason to complain of the heat: in fact, it has not been warmer than some of our hottest days in England. . . . . The thermometer in my room has varied only from 72 to 75 since my landing [i. e. *about the middle of September.*]

The best houses have brick floors, and stone or marble stairs. As the windows generally look into the court, they are private and retired; and, under the house, is a cistern, which, in the rainy season, is filled with water. Every dwelling is a separate castle, and capable of military defence. The streets of this city are remarkably well paved; which may in some measure arise from there being few or no wheel-carriages to destroy the pavement. Coaches are not in use; and most of the streets are too narrow to admit them. Carts for the conveyance of goods are almost unknown. The Gallegos, or natives of Gallicia, a strong and industrious race of men,

perform those laborious occupations, for which, in other countries, horses and carts are employed. These men, by the help of poles on their shoulders, remove the heaviest articles with the utmost facility, and, being frugal as well as industrious, execute their tasks at a very cheap rate. They emigrate from the northern provinces, in search of employment in the more southern parts of the peninsula; and every large town is filled with them: but a man from any other part of Spain, following the occupation of a porter, is, from custom, called a Gallego—a name at present implying the occupation as well as the country.

Though considerable attention be paid to the cleanliness of the streets, none is shown to the entrances of the houses, which are the receptacles of every kind of filth. . . . . . except in the houses of the richer class, who keep a Gallego constantly sitting at the door. . . . . .

As this city is placed on a peninsula at the termination of a long sandy isthmus, there is no ground un-occupied; and little can be spared for squares. The Plaza de St. Antonio is the only one, and is very small; but, being surrounded with magnificent houses, and contrasted with the streets, (all of which, with the exception of Broad Street, are very narrow) it has a good effect, and is the principal resort of the inhabitants. To the ladies it is the mall, to the merchants the exchange, and to the officers the parade. The Alameda, or public walk, is very beautiful—always dry under foot, and furnished with good marble seats on both sides. . . . . .

The climate of Spain at this season [*September*] is delightful, and certainly tends to improve the spirits. The air is dry and clear, notwithstanding we are surrounded by water: the heat is not excessive, the thermometer seldom exceeding 70, and the walk in the evening by the sea-side most refreshing and cool. The mode of living is also favorable to health and enjoyment: fruits and vegetables form the principal food, even at the best tables; and, though a species of cookery, approaching to French, is introduced at Cadiz, it is so combined with that which is purely Spanish, that the difference is scarcely to be distinguished. Very little wine is drunk during dinner; and, immediately after, the gentlemen retire to coffee with the ladies. The habits of the Spaniards are very temperate and frugal, so far as regards the table and the furniture of their houses; but they keep a much greater number of domestic servants than families of the same description in England.

In their dress and personal ornaments, both the men and women are very extravagant, especially the latter; and I am told that the money expended on a lady's silk stockings and shoes alone (for they never walk out twice in the same) is enormous. Gaming forms the principal amusement, and is carried to a very censurable extent in some of the private houses, where parties meet regularly every night, and play for large sums at games of hazard. . . . . . At such parties, the quantity of gold and silver spread on the table is astonishing; and the rapidity with which it passes from one possessor to another, strikingly exemplifies the uncertainty of a gamester's wealth. . . . .

One of the chief amusements of the higher class of inhabitants is the theatre; and, as the performance begins early, and continues only about three hours, it does not interfere with the more serious business of gaming, which usually concludes the night. . . . . There is no gallery

for the lower order of the people; and few of them ever attend a species of amusement for which they appear to have no taste; the people in Spain uniformly preferring a bull-fight or religious procession to any theatrical representation of life and manners. . . . . . Adjoining the theatre there is a suite of coffee-rooms, where all kinds of refreshments are prepared for the company. In these apartments the ladies are seen drinking sangre or iced water, and the gentlemen are employed in smoaking their segars—a practice, which is carried to a disgusting excess.

The mode of visiting, after a first introduction, is easy and familiar: you may enter the house at any hour, and, without being announced, proceed to the apartment of the family, where you generally meet agreeable company. On these occasions, refreshments are seldom distributed, beyond a glass of iced water, or a very cool liquor called *agruce*, composed of the juice of unripe grapes, cooled with ice, and sweetened with sugar. The visit is always paid to the lady of the house, who is constantly dressed to receive company. . . .

I must not omit to mention one occupation in which they pass a large portion of their time. They daily frequent the churches: yet I fear their religious ceremonies are performed rather with a view to amuse than instruct. They kneel, it is true, before the altar, or humble themselves before the image of some saint—lisp a few prayers—count their beads to ascertain that the number is correct—but depart with little of that religious feeling so necessary for the regulation of worldly conduct.

The walking-dress of the women, from the duchess to the servant maid, is entirely black; which gives an appearance of equality, and renders it difficult to distinguish one rank from another. In their houses, they throw aside the *mantilla*, or veil, and appear, in their dress, much like the English ladies, but more decorated with lace and jewels. They frequent the public walks, the streets, and the theatre, un-attended; nor is it deemed indecorous for them to enter the coffee-rooms at the theatre, and take refreshments, by themselves. . . . .

So far as I can learn, the state of education here is intolerably bad; and the education of women is, if possible, more defective than that of the men. A little reading and writing is quite as much as the ladies are expected to acquire; and if, by chance, they can talk a little broken French, it is the summit of their acquirements. This is the case generally; but there are some few exceptions. . . . .

Yesterday, though Sunday, the market was excessively crowded, especially the fish and vegetable markets:—the latter was supplied with a surprising profusion of every thing in season. Garlic, in this place, is a most important article, and is sold in strings three or four yards long, which are piled in stacks . . . . .The consumption of meat in this city is very small, and the little consumed is of a very inferior quality. The poorer and middle class of people live principally on fruits and vegetables, with fish, which is sold, fried in oil, at shops in different parts of the town. . . . . .

Good water is very scarce in this city: there are no springs on the peninsula but what are brackish, fit only for washing, and not for culinary purposes. Every house has a cistern or tank filled with rain-water: but they usually prefer drinking that which is brought in

casks, by boats, from St. Mary's. To cool this water, and render it fit for drinking, they filter it through small jars of porous clay; which renders it very pleasant and refreshing. The richer inhabitants use water cooled with ice, which is brought daily from the mountains of Ronda in large quantities, and, in this climate, is a great luxury.

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page* 367.)

"Accompanied by her tender offspring, the wife of Egmont, whose grief rendered her natural charms more impressively interesting, meets the heroes on their way. —'Behold these children!' said she, embracing her lord; and, while she bedewed him with her tears, the youthful train, participating their mother's grief, joined their innocent hands, and formed a circle around the warrior.—His soul agitated by the most lively emotion, he seemed to hesitate whether he should break through the barrier which they opposed to his progress: he alternately clasped to his bosom his wife and his children, and long protracted his tender and mournful adieux.

"The intrepid Horn was affected by the sight: but Egmont, resuming all his native firmness of mind, exclaimed, 'Dear partner of my bed! impressed with these testimonies of thy affection, I fly to the palace of Alva, whence I shall haste to return to thy embraces. But, if fate has ordained that the performance of that duty, which, as a father, I owe to these my children, shall devolve upon thee, forget not that I intrust them to thy maternal care.'

"The tears still glistened in the eyes of Sabina: yet some rays of hope seemed to beam through her sorrow, as the orient rays of the sun glitter in the morning dew. Her children, riveting their eyes on their mother, relax their grasp of each other's hands, and open the barrier by which their father stood inclosed. For a moment he yet remained within the tender circle—he took up in his arms the youngest of his sons, but immediately laid him on the bosom of the afflicted mother, and tore himself away from the spot.

"The two patriots now advanced to the palace of Alva, who at first received them with a mixture of haughtiness and affability. A faithful eye-witness — whom the presence, the language, and the misfortunes of those heroes inspired with generous sentiments, and who afterward joined the Batavian bands —related to me the whole of their conversation, which I retain deeply imprinted on my memory.

"Shall the most powerful of monarchs,' said Alva to them — 'shall he yield to the pretensions of a few provinces of his vast empire? More assuming than Madrid and the Tagus, Brussels and the Meuse aim at the enjoyment of greater liberty! and you have placed yourselves at the head of those who pretend to circumscribe the authority of Philip within certain bounds, which you will not allow him to transgress! Your courage is, no doubt, commensurate to the greatness of your undertaking: but Philip has a right to expect on your part more loyalty and attachment to him, and less audacity.'

"Audacity!' interrupted Egmont — 'Does that name belong to the legitimate defence of those laws which Philip has sworn to support—which it were his duty to respect, even if he had not taken the solemn oath —and which are founded on the rights of the people, and on the law of nature? — To render

ourselves the accomplices of injustice—to betray the cause of virtue, and violate our oaths—that, indeed, were an act of disloyalty: and still more criminal would it become, if we could submit to plunge our swords in the bosoms of our fellow-citizens, or take the command of the troops who are commissioned to execute the detestable office.'

"'The rights of the people!' exclaimed Alva in a burst of anger and disdain—'You would then have Philip to recall, as from the grave, a set of musty charters, and prostrate himself before those empty phantoms?'

"'Alva!' replied Egmont, 'our laws, which are the emanations of pure reason and universal justice, do not require to be recalled from the grave: to the grave they have never descended; for they were imperishable. When Philip swore to observe and maintain them, they were in existence: they still continue to exist; and it is beyond his power to destroy them. Philip was afraid the Belgians would abuse their liberty!—and when he, on the other hand, arms himself with the brands of the inquisition, he does not think himself guilty of any abuse of the authority intrusted to him!...........But why do you address to us those insulting reproaches? You have publicly announced to the nation that you came the messenger of peace, and that Philip intended to pay due respect to our laws.'

"'I am not surprised at the high tone you assume,' returned Alva.—'You were preparing for your departure: whither did you mean to direct your course?'

"'To where we intended to combat you, not with words, but with the weapons of war,' impetuously answered Horn—'where the voice of duty, of justice, of valour, demanded our presence—where the Belgian is prepared to meet you, if, instead of being the minister of peace, you are only the instrument to execute the orders of a despot. Lay aside—it is full time—lay aside the mask of dissimulation: Horn exposes himself to your view without disguise.'

"'Learn then to know Alva!' exclaimed the governor in a transport of rage.—'Before you be reinstated in the possession of your laws, let your over-daring countrymen lay down their arms at the feet of Philip: the greatness, the security of the monarch require this submission on their part. And, as for you, rash, audacious chiefs! I shall this instant execute the orders of your royal master: his will ordains that the Belgians be disarmed; and it is with you that he begins.—Quick there! my guards!'

"The guards, instantly obeying his summons, rush into the hall; and Alva, though deliberately guilty of such foul treachery, was not yet sufficiently callous to the sting of shame, to remain a spectator of the execution of his own commands.

"As the tiger, from the hidden recesses of his gloomy retreat, descries a company of peaceful travelers, and suddenly, as if multiplied by his fangs, springs on them, seises his victims, and, overpowering their feeble opposition, drags them to his den;—such were the numerous myrmidons of Alva, rushing on the two heroes.

"In the first sally of his indignation, the undaunted Horn, preparing to attempt the unequal combat, unsheaths his sword; and at the same instant the uplifted steel glitters in the hand of Egmont. Astonished at their daring courage, the soldiers stand motionless: they recall to mind the days when, under

the auspices of those heroes, they were wont to march to certain victory. Three times they advanced to seise the chiefs, and as oft recoiled, without daring to raise their hands against them.

"'Alva!' exclaimed Horn—'why thus conceal thyself? Dost thou blush for thy perfidy? Come! increase the number of our enemies, or dare singly to oppose thy courage and strength to mine. This sword shall be thy prize, if thou art able to conquer me.'

"Exerting more than human efforts, the two chiefs put to flight the whole band of Alva's guards, and with successful valour open themselves a passage from the inmost recesses of the palace to the gates, when, at the voice of the governor, the soldiers, stung with shame, and dreading his resentment, return to the attack.—Egmont receives a tremendous blow: he totters: the intrepid Horn supports him with one arm, while, with the other, he repels the assaults of the hostile crew.

"At this moment, Brederode, who by a secret passage had penetrated into the palace, rushes into the midst of the danger, and, listening only to the suggestions of his dauntless spirit, nobly attempts to snatch the victory from the hands of the Spaniards: but, alas! he receives the wound of death—he falls—and, first victim in his country's cause, stains with his generous blood the path of honor which was now opened for our courage.—Horn, frantic with rage, plunges to eternal night the Spaniard who had sacrificed his friend: but at length, overpowered by numbers, he feels his arm enfeebled—the blood gushes from his wounds—the heroes are surrounded.

"'Tyrant! perfidious Alva!' cries Egmont—'our countrymen, who groan under thy oppressson, will yet be able to achieve their deliverance, and avenge our wrongs. Here, take these weapons, of which thy base treachery disarms us, and with them ornament a trophy.'—He said, and with his valiant hand delivered up his sword.

"'Ah! useless steel!' exclaims Horn—'deceit and force prevail over courage: art thou henceforward to be the instrument of tyrants alone?'—At these words he flung down his weapon at the feet of his assailants.

"The bare looks of the vanquished heroes still commanded respect, and inspired their adversaries with terror. They were dragged away, and led in triumph through crowds of citizens, who in loud murmurs gave vent to their indignant rage—while I was a sad witness of the scene—un-able to afford my friends the smallest assistance: they were conducted to that gloomy cell, the usual receptacle of crime, but now the abode of virtue. They embraced each other: their tyrants tore them asunder: I heard the doors of the dungeon barred on them.

"Thus the patriot heroes signalised the commencement of our struggles: they threw the barrier open before us—the only service which their valour was enabled to perform for their country. The only advantage we can henceforward derive from them, is the animating example of their unshaken fortitude.

"Distracted with grief, I turned my thoughts towards young Buren, and immediately hasted from that disastrous spot, determined to avert the stroke which I apprehended from the perfidy of Alva, and fondly hoping that the tyrant, so lately arrived in Brussels, had not yet been able to rivet his chains on the son of William. Elate with this flattering idea, I flew to Louvain: but—o cruel de-

cree of fate!—at the very moment when the career of glory was opened to his view—when, glowing with generous courage, he was impatient to distinguish himself in it—a band of Alva's slaves, deceiving the youthful inexperience of Buren, carried him off, under a promise of conducting him to his father.

"On this intelligence I instantly hurried after the ravishers: I pursued their steps, and would have either rescued Buren from their hands, or perished in the attempt: but never did ravening vulture display greater rapidity in sweeping off his prey. Un-able to overtake them, I was informed that the youth had been conveyed in a carriage impenetrable to the day-light—had been kept ignorant of the route he was traveling—and, arriving with his treacherous conductors, eagerly rushed into the palace of his enemy, with throbbing heart and extended arms, to meet his father.—Instead of William, he saw Alva—turned pale at the sight—but darted on the tyrant a look of proud disdain, nor condescended to address to him one supplicating word.—Even Alva admired his dignified behaviour; yet he gave orders for conducting him to the gloom of a dungeon."

A long silence now prevailed through the whole assembly, and every countenance exhibited the impression of profound sorrow. But William and the Batavians utter a hollow murmur of indignation, as the giant oak, tall monarch of the grove, murmurs responsive to the repeated peals of the thunder.

(*To be continued.*)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 350.)

Mr. Denham, to Mr. Stanhope.

Beaumont Lodge.

I HAVE made one, Jack, among the sons and daughters of folly, who have sacrificed at the shrine of extravagance and dissipation, and have felt the usual effects of such a life—satiety and *ennui*—and was ready to exclaim with Solomon, that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. At this listless and vacant period of my existence, fortunately for me, my relative, Lord Beaumont, returned from the Continent. You know that I have ever had a strong attachment to this nobleman: it therefore gave me an infinite deal of satisfaction to find that his Lordship was now determined to settle entirely in his own country; and he informed me that he intended to take unto himself Heaven's great, best gift—a wife. I had long suspected, from the air of importance and gravity which my cousin Louisa had assumed, that there was something in the wind. Women generally look solemn and mysterious on these occasions. Beaumont likewise informed me that Louisa was to be married to the Earl of Ossenvor, and that it was Lady Jane Falkland, the earl's sister, to whom he hoped to be united. I requested my lord to introduce me to his fair one: for, though intimate with the brother, I had never seen the sister; for, soon after her return from France, the late earl died; so that she has not appeared in public.—Lady Jane Falkland is really a most lovely woman, and will certainly be distinguished in the circle of our most celebrated beauties. Her eyes are the finest I ever saw—large, dark, and languishing. In symmetry of form she may possibly be inferior to my cousin, Miss Fortescue. They are both very handsome women, and, to outward appearance, perfectly amiable.—Soon afterwards the nuptials were celebrated, and the happy couples set off for their respective seats in the country. Lord

Beaumont had asked me to spend the summer with them at his lodge: this invitation I very readily accepted. I was received by my lord and his blooming bride most cordially, and found there the Earl and Countess of Ossenvor, and a Mr. and Mrs. Lenox—the latter the most intimate friend of Lady Beaumont.—Mrs. Lenox, Jack—but what can I tell you of her? Faith I am in a most perilous situation! This fascinating little gipsy is small and delicate, but fashioned by the hand of harmony and love. Her face is certainly not half so handsome as the countesses or Lady Beaumont's: but, in my eyes, she is infinitely more attractive than either of them: in every motion, there is grace; in every look, there is enchantment.—The two ladies play finely on the harpsichord; and Mrs. Lenox accompanies them with her voice.—Oh! I am lost, I am lost, Jack, when I listen to her.—By Heavens, I would give half my estate to receive one of these soul-reviving glances which she so frequently casts at her husband. Happy Lenox, to possess the affections of such a being as this! I have frequently told him that I envy him:—he laughs at me, and so does his too charming wife.—I tell her I must fly from her, before she has quite robbed me of my heart. She advises me to marry, and recommends, as a very proper object for my help-mate, my lord's aunt, a withered piece of virginity, who flourished in the last century, and who is just arrived here, to pay her compliments of congratulation to her new niece.—Amid all this raillery, Lady Beaumont's languishing eyes tell me that she thinks me rather too particular to her beloved friend. She is right, Stanhope: I must fly while I am yet safe: this woman gains upon me every day: I begin to feel myself awkward and embarrassed—a sure sign that all is not right within!—Matrimony here wears so seducing a form, that I shall not be happy till I am entered within its pale: but I fear, fate has not in store for me a female who will bear any comparison with these three Graces. Adieu, Jack! I shall be in town next week, and remain there till Lenox and his wife have quitted the lodge; so that you see I am really serious in this matter. It is necessary to be so, or I shall soon be like the poor moth, that foolishly flutters about the candle till the flame consumes him. Farewell then, old friend! and expect to see me, notwithstanding all that I have said, blythe and debonair as usual.—Yours most sincerely,

Charles Denham.

Mr. Denham, to Mr. Stanhope.

Beaumont Lodge.

I am once more returned to this place, Stanhope. The air I breathe here is so pure, the pleasures I enjoy are so refined, that I could not bear the smoky atmosphere of London; and its gross enjoyments have no longer a charm for me. You tell me it was Lenox's wife that made this alteration in my sentiments:—if so, I am indebted to her for a wonderful improvement in my taste. But I assure you on my honor, I think not of her in any other light, than that of an amiable, lovely woman, who is wife to a man every way deserving of her. I own I was glad to find she had quitted Beaumont Lodge; for it is certainly best to be out of harm's way. But I shall never be out of harm's way, Jack. Cupid is now playing a slower, but a surer game. Know then, that, when in the country, I generally rise early, and have walked some miles, before I meet my lord and lady in the breakfast-room. In one of these morning walks, a mile or two beyond

the park, I entered a small meadow, in which was a girl, milking.—I went up to her, and, as an introduction to conversation, asked her for a draught of milk.—"Ah!" says the girl—"if you can drink out of the pail, you may ha' some, an you wull: for I have nothing else to give it you in." —While she was saying this, I saw a child come running toward us.—When he came near, I found he was a boy, lovely as a cherub.—The maid asked him if his mamma was up. I felt my curiosity excited, and asked her who his mamma was. "Humph!" says she;—"I know nothing of you and mayhap Madam Beville mayn't like of my telling about her coming to our house."—I slipped a piece of money into the simple girl's hand, and assured her of my secrecy:—she had no longer any scruples about telling me all she knew; and the purport of a multiplicity of words was, that Madam Beville had been there some months. She well remembered the day she came; for it was a very memorable one: it was the very day their brindled cow calved:—and Madam lived very close, and did not choose to see any body.—I could not help caressing the rosy Cupid; and the child seemed pleased with me, and said I should go and see his mamma; and pulling my coat with his little hands, I felt myself unaccountably impelled to go with him.—The nearer we came to the cottage, the more awkward I felt myself. I certainly had no right, Jack, to force myself into the retirement of a stranger.—When we came to the door, I saw an old man and woman at breakfast. I had not impudence enough to go in, though my young conductor still held me by the finger. —The old woman, after staring at me some time, got up, and, dropping me a low curtsy, asked me if my honor wanted any thing. I was dumb, Jack: but the child spoke for me, and, drawing me toward a parlour door, the mother, I suppose, hearing her son's voice, opened it; and I saw a female figure, such as a cottage does not often produce, come forward.—On seeing me, she started:—I made a bow, lower, Jack, than I ever before made one in my life; and, stammering out something of an apology about meeting with her son, and seeing him home, I was again silent, but still did not offer to take my leave.

The lady seemed embarrassed: the little fellow looked at us both—"Mamma," says he, "won't you give the gentleman some breakfast?" —She blushed, and could not help asking me, coldly, to walk in. I waited not for the invitation to be repeated; and, finding my assurance revive, I endeavoured to enter into conversation.—As the tea-equipage stood before her, she asked me, though evidently with reluctance, to drink a cup of tea.—I did not refuse: and, while she was employed in making it, I ventured to take a view of her person. She was in mourning; and melancholy was strongly impressed on her features: but her sadness and her weeds seemed to have passed the first stage of sorrow. Her light-brown locks partly shaded a forehead that had once been beautifully fair; but that and her cheeks had now rather a yellow hue; nor had the roses, which once bloomed so fresh, entirely forsaken her cheeks, though the color was faint and feeble.—Her eyes I with difficulty saw; for she seldom lifted them up. There was nothing particular in their shape or color: but their expression was every thing, though heavy and languid. As I gazed upon her, I felt

an emotion of sadness pervade my heart; and my pulse beat quick at the thought of such a form being a prey to sorrow.—The room was small and neat, and the window shaded with jessamine and roses.—I insinuated that I thought this cottage must be dull and inconvenient for her: but she was on her guard against my curiosity; and I found it vain to endeavour to draw her into conversation; though her voice, when she did favor me with the sound of it, was inexpressibly soft and melodious.—When our repast was over, she arose from her chair; and, taking her son by the hand, she said she hoped I would excuse her, but she must bid me good morning. —I started, and begged that I might not drive her from her room; and, asking pardon for my thoughtlessness, I was taking my leave; but the child cried, and hung about me, to prevent my going.—I soothed and caressed him, and promised that I would soon see him again.—As I said this, I ventured to look up in Mrs. Beville's face, to see if I could discover the least encouragement there to repeat my visit: but all was cold and reserved.—Reluctantly I at last tore myself away.—This fair stranger had planted thorns in my pillow: I could not sleep: I therefore rose the next morning with the lark, and bent my steps toward the habitation of my incognita.—When I came to the meadow, all was still and silent: no cows, no milk-maid was to be seen.—I dared not go to the cottage: but I took a circuit round it. The door was shut; and I could not catch the least glimpse of a human being. Though I was disappointed, my reason approved the discretion by which I was kept at a distance.—On my return to the lodge, there was a chagrin hanging about me, which I could not shake off. It was visible to the piercing eye of Lady Beaumont; and she affectionately inquired after my health.—I complained of the head-ache.—There was a great deal of company dined there that day. In the evening I escaped from them, and once more fluttered about a cottage that was now so interesting to me.—And now fortune once more befriended me; for I saw the elegant form of Mrs. Beville, and her son, enter the little garden, seemingly on their return from a walk. As soon as the child saw me, he ran towards me, clapping his little hands, and exclaiming, "The gentleman, the gentleman is come again, mamma!"—I cannot say that Mrs. Beville seemed so rejoiced to see me as her son, though she smiled at his vivacity, and entered rather more freely into conversation with me than at our first meeting.—She permitted me to walk by her side round the garden, and even condescended to accept some flowers that I gathered and offered to her. All this will appear trifling to you, Stanhope: but you know not how very important these trifles are grown to me.—Fearful of offending her, and losing the ground I had gained, I very soon bade her good night, and returned, quite elate with my success.—The next day I made an excuse for not accompanying the Beaumonts on a visit. As Mrs. Beville walked in the evening, I thought it not improbable that I might meet her, and that our meeting might appear to be accidental. Full of these fond hopes, I set out on my walk, but took a different road from that which leads directly to the cottage. This brought me to a little wood, which I entered, and presently had the felicity of meeting with the lovely Beville and her young companion. My heart beat quick as I approached her; and I

saw that her face was in a glow.—She made no answer to my compliments, and seemed quite distressed.—To calm her fears, I thought it necessary to be a little more explicit.—"I fear, madam," said I, "that my obtruding myself thus frequently into your company is disagreeable to you: but, believe me, I have no improper views in so doing. You are a stranger, madam, and seem to be unhappy. Would to Heaven it were in my power to remove or alleviate your sorrows! My name is Denham; and my residence is not far from yours. I am an inmate in the family of Lord Beaumont. Permit me to introduce to you Lady Beaumont, the best and most amiable of women; and I am sure she would think it a happiness to be acquainted with Mrs. Beville."—While I said this, I ventured to press the hand of my timid fair one:—she listened to me in silence; and a tear stole down her pale cheek.—I was softened, Jack; and I would have given worlds to have removed the cause of those tears.—After a while, she withdrew her hand from mine, saying, "I am infinitely obliged to you, sir, for the offers of kindness you have made me. I own, your appearance distressed me. I am in retirement; and I make no doubt that retirement has, to many people, a suspicious appearance.—Your visits, therefore, sir, will give weight to what the tongue of Calumny may dare to say."—"I admire your prudence, madam: but the acquaintance of Lady Beaumont will make Detraction and Slander hide their baneful heads."—"But would you, Mr. Denham," said she with a languid smile, "at a venture introduce to so spotless a character as Lady Beaumont an obscure being like me, who, for aught you know, may be utterly unworthy of her esteem?"—I here eagerly interrupted her: "My dear Mrs. Beville! I would stake my life on your integrity. To-morrow I will bring her ladyship to your cottage."—"Oh! no! this must not be, sir!—I have tasted happiness and misery in the extreme: I have now no wish but to bury my griefs in solitude.—I am not a stranger to the character of Lady Beaumont. I would not embitter her joy by my tale of sorrow."——But, not to weary you, Jack—with the utmost difficulty I prevailed on the fair mourner to consent to see Lady Beaumont the next morning.—Faint and feeble with ill health, and exhausted with our conversation, it was with difficulty she tottered along: yet would she not accept the aid of my arm, though so very weak was she, that I do not think she could have reached the house, had not I, notwithstanding her reluctance, encircled her delicate waist with my arm. When I saw her a little composed, I bade her good night, and hastened to the lodge, impatient to solicit the protection of Lady Beaumont for my fair recluse.—Her ladyship, who has a heart in which soft pity loves to dwell, listened attentively to my story; and, by the variation of her charming features, I saw she was interested in the fate of Mrs. Beville. Her mind, superior to narrow suspicion, felt no other sentiment than compassion for one of her own sex who appeared to be unhappy.—In the morning I drove her ladyship in my phaeton to the cottage. I flew to Mrs. Beville, and found her humble, abashed, and dejected: but the irresistible ease and gentleness of Lady Beaumont's manner soon gave the diffident mourner courage.—Never did her ladyship appear to such advantage as in this affecting scene, which witnessed a fine woman, accustomed to rank and splen-

dor, seated in a lowly room, soothing, with the utmost softness of voice and feature, an humbled unfortunate stranger. The little Frederic frisked about her ladyship, who was highly pleased with this lovely child.—Mrs. Beville was prevailed on to spend the next day at the Lodge, and her visits have been frequently repeated.—Lady Beaumont would very fain have prevailed on her to take up her residence entirely there: but she seems attached to her cottage.—I have listened to her tale of sorrow, Stanhope: you shall one day know it:—at present I will bid you adieu. You well know I love to make a pause in the middle of an interesting story: it has a wonderful effect in trying a man's patience, which is a virtue you are not over-burdened with. Besides, you are troubled with the most insatiable curiosity. Have patience, Jack: I tell you, you shall one day hear the fair Beville's story: but I must allow myself a little respite from the labors of the pen; for I am confoundedly weary with writing this long epistle.—Once more farewell.—Yours most sincerely,

CHARLES DENHAM.

(To be continued.)

The BROTHERS; *a Moral Tale.*

CHAP. I.

Whate'er the motive be, deceit, I fear,
And harsh unnat'ral force, are not the means
Of public welfare, or of private bliss.

Thomson.

To the reflective mind that delights in the study of human nature, the world affords no subject of contemplation more delightful, than a man gracefully resigning the pleasures of youth, and acting up to the duties of maturer age.—We would portray that period, when his gay and impetuous flow of spirits has subsided, with the calm sedateness of experience; when his hopes for a future world are grounded upon the firmest foundation, and his views in this are bounded by the welfare of his children. In their griefs he participates; but in their felicity he is doubly blessed; and he regards them as a sort of undefinable link, which endears the recollection of youthful joys, and softens the anticipation of senile cares.

In the Viscount Saint-Villiers, however, whom we must now introduce to our readers, we present a melancholy reverse of this portrait. At nine and forty, he retained all the passions of early life. He had been many years a widower—was a votary of dissipation in all its shapes, and totally neglected the only child left him by a most amiable wife. Her ladyship died at Almington, the principal mansion of the family in Ireland; and there her son had remained for some years, without any other tutelage than that of a neighbouring clergyman, who attended him at stated hours every day, and was, luckily, well qualified to initiate him in classical learning.

Lord Saint-Villiers affected to justify this unusual mode of bringing up a young man of rank, by inveighing against the vices of all public seminaries. His hearers thought these were the last points, on which the viscount's life and character entitled him to expatiate: but, on perceiving that a considerable sum was saved, for his own gratifications, by thus curtailing the rights of his son, the real source of these pretended objections was discovered. With more fore-thought, too, than might at once strike the casual observer, his lordship considered, that, by being thus brought up in obscurity, his son would be less spoken of and recollected, than if associated with those who would infuse notions into his

mind, of that sphere of life, where his rank entitled him to move.

Thus neglected and unknown, and making a proficiency in all that he had an opportunity of acquiring, which outstripped the expectations of his preceptor, Frederic Saint-Villiers remained at Almington until he had attained his sixteenth year. He had, though an untutored, a spirited, and, where he received kindness, a most engaging manner. His face and figure might almost have served for models of youthful beauty; and his appearance was manly beyond his years His abilities were good, though deficient in proper cultivation. His temper was open, generous, and sincere—but subject to starts of passion, haughty, self-willed, and violent in whatever he undertook. The gentler affections of his soul had never been awakened, nor the native excellencies of his mind called forth. He only acted from the impulses of the moment; as yet, they had not betrayed him into evil: but that critical period of life was approaching, when the efforts of that reason which he had never been taught to use, would all be requisite to controul an ardency of disposition, that, when rightly cherished, leads to every thing great and good in human nature, but, uncurbed, resembles those soils, which, though capable of producing the finest fruits, are, nevertheless, too frequently disgraced by the rankest weeds.

Such was the youth, whom Lord Saint-Villiers, upon revisiting Almington after an absence of some years, beheld with astonishment, at his growth and appearance: but, unhappily, it was a sentiment more tinctured by envy, than by that delight most parents would have felt on seeing the appearance of their child so far superior to their expectations.

Hitherto he had only neglected, he now began to dislike, his son. A sort of scowling ill-nature marked his manner, whenever he addressed him; and he not only seised, but even sought for occasions to chide and condemn, and to render the young man's life as uncomfortable as possible.

Frederic had never had any sentiments of filial love or reverence inculcated upon his mind. His feelings, therefore, unfortunately, took their color from those of his father. Hence arose even more than indifference; and a sort of haughty defiance in his manner increased the discontent of his lordship.

Lord Saint-Villiers, from first censuring, now openly abused his son in all companies. Lord Blenmore, a distant relative of the family, was at Almington, when this unnatural conversation was carried on with uncommon virulence. It excited his curiosity to know more of the youth who was its object; and, in subsequent opportunities of their being together, he formed a more liberal opinion, and determined on endeavouring to meliorate the condition of one whom he saw so well deserving of every effort that could be made to improve his situation. Lord Blenmore was then going upon a political mission to one of the Italian courts; and he offered to take his young relative along with him. Lord Saint-Villiers's pride and avarice both felt some reluctance to comply: but, at length, the desire of being rid of one, who grew every day more and more distasteful to him, procured his consent

CHAP. II.

——————No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r;
No father's guardian hand my youth
maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtue, or from vice restrain'd.

From this period, Frederic Saint-Villiers became the *protégé* of Lord Blenmore, of whom it may consequently be right to give some further description.—His lordship had passed the meridian of life, and was a man of polished manners, immense wealth, and more than moderate abilities. His habits of living had always been free; but anxiety to preserve the good opinion of the world had, in some measure, corrected his natural propensities to dissipation. The veil of decorum shrouded his irregularities from general observation; and his inclinations were indulged with a privacy, exactly the reverse of Lord Saint-Villiers's unshaded profligacy; while, from the deference he paid to the sanction of the public, he had long secured its suffrages in his favor. He had more than once procured diplomatic appointments abroad; for continental manners suited his taste better than those of his own country; and always, upon such occasions, leaving Lady Blenmore at home, he considered himself freed from many restraints, to which, from policy, he submitted in his native island.

His lordship's motives for befriending the young Saint-Villiers, though plausibly glossed over, were, however, not difficult to penetrate; for he knew, that the popularity which he courted, would be augmented by thus rescuing a young man of quality from neglect and degradation. He was consequently rewarded by present applause, and foresaw future advantage from the influence he might acquire, and the obligations he should confer upon his *élève*.

Frederic was placed at an academy at Turin, but was as much at Lord Blenmore's house, and in general society, as he liked. At this critical period, had the necessity of fixed principles been impressed upon his mind, the native excellence of his heart been properly cherished, and the effervescency of his disposition checked by the restraining hand of prudence and affection, his historian might have presented him as a model of all the perfection that humanity is capable of attaining:—but, alas! he rose to manhood, devoted to dissipation, and infected with the frivolity of those with whom he associated. He had a boundless turn for expense—a love of play—a considerable share of personal vanity—and an impetuosity of temper, that brooked not controul, but, in all exigencies, impelled him to action first, and then to reflexion afterwards. As a balance, however, to these errors, he possessed great penetration, a discriminating judgement, and a heart and hand ever ready to relieve the unfortunate. Upon the classical learning he had carried with him into Italy, he had engrafted a love for the fine arts, and adorned it with all the embellishments of education. In fact, he had that sort of ardent mind which endeavoured to excel in whatever he undertook.

Of all the different pursuits to which he had devoted his attention, the game of billiards engrossed it the most; and in that he arrived at such a degree of perfection, as almost defied competition. During the last year of his residence abroad, he seldom met with a conqueror. The liberality of his play rendered him indifferent to the emoluments it produced; yet, they were nevertheless considerable, and, though dispersed with a lavish hand, diminished the applications for money to his father, or Lord Blenmore, to which his extravagance would otherwise have subjected him.

As well as Saint-Villiers, the earl had carried his eldest son, Lord Thackwood, to Turin along with

him. This young nobleman was, unhappily, so weak in intellect—so elated by conceit, and by the rank and affluence to which he was heir—that neither shame nor emulation stimulated his improvement. Like Saint-Villiers, he gave his principal attention to billiards; but he did not, like him, devote any portion of it to other pursuits; nor, even in that one, did he, except in his own conceit, arrive at similar excellence. Many were the matches they played together: yet, though Saint-Villiers uniformly conquered, his adversary never acknowledged his inferiority, but would throw the blame on the state of his nerves, or any incidental cause, rather than want of skill.

Lord Blenmore, however, thought it high time to separate the two young men; and, apprehensive, that, where his son's folly was so well known, he might be inveigled by more designing players than his principal opponent, he sent him back to his mother, under such severe threats and restrictions, as he knew the pusillanimous spirit of his heir would not—for a time at least—venture to disregard.

When arrived in his native country, the foolish puerile manners and insignificant appearance of Lord Thackwood excited general surprise; and the universal comment was, that, "if Mr. Saint-Villiers did no more credit to a foreign education, he might as well have remained at Almington"—to which, the friends of the Blenmore family would subjoin, that, "as the two young men had had the same preceptors, and in every respect been treated alike, it was probable they would much resemble each other."

A little previous to the Earl of Blenmore's quitting Turin, the young Lady Rossford, with her guardian, his lady, and two nieces who had resided with them from infancy, arrived there, with particular letters of introduction to him. This lady was a baroness in her own right, possessed of property worth thirteen thousand per annum, and in the prime of health, youth, and beauty. She had determined not to marry before she came to age; a resolution, in which her uncle and guardian strongly encouraged her: and, to pass the intervening period of her minority, they made the grand tour.

Sir Everard Reevesmoore was a man of the utmost integrity. He had no wish but for the happiness of his niece, and always with candor pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of every proposal that she received.

It has frequently been remarked, that early adulation deadens sensibility; and, in lady Rossford's case, the remark was apparently verified. Amidst the variety of homage that was offered to her, her heart acknowledged no preference, and equally revolted from the idea of disposing of herself by negotiation or bargain to an equal, or yielding to the sly insidious flatteries of an inferior.

Lord Blenmore, in conformity with his usual habits, it may easily be supposed, was unbounded in his attentions to the fair heiress; and, the time of their return happening to agree, they all proceeded together.

Saint-Villiers, who never extended a thought beyond the present moment, and in whose ideas the felicities of matrimony or the advantages of connexion had never yet found a place, behaved to lady Rossford exactly as he did to every body else—grave or gay, according to his humour—civil or inattentive, as his fancy prompted—combating her opinions, when not co-inciding

with his own—or applauding her sentiments, and admiring her accomplishments, when they happened to strike him as deserving his approbation.

This unstudied manner, and his occasional flatteries, which possessed a double charm from being unpremeditated, struck the young heiress, as different from those of every other man with whom she had been in company; and, almost imperceptibly to herself, she imbibed an attachment, without any room for imagining that she had inspired a similar one in return.

From Dover, where they landed, it was necessary for Lord Blenmore to proceed immediately to the metropolis; and poor lady Rossford felt herself involved in a most embarrassing dilemma. To her great regret, her plans had been so arranged, that, without betraying a caprice which she disdained to gratify, she could not now alter them, to continue in a society where she felt so strong an interest. It had been previously settled between her and her uncle, that they should cross the country immediately to Holyhead, and thence proceed to her paternal estate in Ireland, where the twenty-first anniversary of her birth-day was to be celebrated. The intervening period she intended to pass there in quiet tranquillity, informing herself accurately of the state of her property, before Sir Everard resigned the charge, and taking his instructions towards those improvements which she was certain must be requisite.

The blind god, however, who had slily marked her ladyship for his victim, contrived an unexpected wile, which more effectually secured her as his votary. Sir Everard had, for some weeks past, been much indisposed: and the fatigues of a rough passage rendered him so ill, that it was necessary to carry him from the vessel to the hotel; and his remaining there at least a week, to recruit, was pronounced indispensable.

Lord Blenmore professed the utmost concern at the impossibility of his remaining with them, while their only gentleman was in a condition rather to require than bestow attention; and, half in jest, he added, "Shall I delegate to the attention of my young friend here such services as I might have had power to render?"

A smiling assent was given. Frederic had no particular wish to be in one place more than another; and, by separating from Lord Blenmore, he knew he should avoid some formal political dinners—a species of entertainment, for which he had little relish. The plan was accordingly arranged. As soon as Sir Everard was capable of traveling, the party set out, and Frederic escorted the ladies to Castle Rossford.——After a short stay there, he returned to Dublin, where those who had pre-judged him from seeing Lord Thackwood, were now astonished at his personal and mental superiority.

(To be continued.)

Sappho; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 378.)

When Phaon quitted the temple, he directed his steps towards the mansion of Scamandronymus, with whom he wished to confer on subjects relative to commerce; and, at the moment of Sappho's entrance, he was engaged with her father in earnest conversation. The babbling and curious slaves had busily spread the report of the young man's arrival, who had not his equal for beauty; and Cleïs, who heard the account, that she might more leisurely admire the object of their idle

curiosity, had seated herself in a corner of the apartment, apparently attentive to her accustomed occupations. The slaves, like a swarm of bees, besieged the doors, straining their eager eyes to behold the lovely stranger; and Sappho, partaking their curiosity, wished to know the cause of this unusual interest. She immediately recognised Phaon; and her imagination suggested the most pleasing illusions. "Perhaps the conversation in the temple had inspired him with the wish to obtain her hand!" Too ready to indulge this flattering delusion, she endeavoured to give a favorable explanation to all that had passed there:—his indifference!. . . . . it was undoubtedly feigned, and the natural consequence of the respect due to the feelings of an innocent girl. Propriety directs that he should address her father first.—But his love for Cleonice!. . . . . . pure fiction, to discover the secrets of her heart by exciting her jealousy. And the theft of the flowers!. . . . . mere accident.

A prey to these pleasing impressions, Sappho fixed her eyes attentively on all the movements of Phaon and her father; and such is the effect of ardent desire, that it gave to every motion the most favorable interpretation. The conversation being terminated, Phaon arose; and Scamandronymus attended him to the door of the apartment.—Sappho now appeared; and Phaon gracefully saluted her.—She endeavoured to discover in their looks the thoughts of their minds, and anxiously waited that a word might confirm her conjectures; when Phaon, turning towards Scamandronymus, said, "Though I have nothing further to say on commerce, yet you will permit me for a moment to converse with your amiable daughter."—"You do me honor and pleasure," replied Scamandronymus courteously, and at the same time beckoned Cleïs to approach. The slaves arrange the cushions; and they sit down.—A domestic brought a basket filled with the most delicious fruit, still humid with the dew of the morning.—Scamandronymus said, "Daughter, 'tis for you to present to our guest these fruits, since they are the produce of your care and industry."—Sappho never received a more agreeable command from her father; and, taking the basket from the domestic, she presented it to Phaon. Timidity bent her eyes to the ground; yet, with stolen glances, and with anxious curiosity, she examined the expression of his countenance, and the beauty of the hand which received the present.—"This fruit," said Phaon, "is the best eulogium of your merit; and your attention to domestic cares promises a happy companion to him who shall have the good fortune to be united to you in marriage."—Scamandronymus, interrupting him, said, "Since we have leisure, pray relate to us your miraculous adventure, and how you received from Venus that precious gift of beauty which is naturally the joy and delight of your father."—Phaon, with a modesty which still added to his beauty, replied, "I only perceive, in the gifts of the goddess, the bounty of celestial goodness: I did not merit her favors; but I rejoice in the possession, in the hope of being relieved perhaps from the misfortune of not being loved."—Fortunate young man!" exclaimed Sappho—"to receive ambrosia at the banquet of Love, where so many drink bitterness and despair."—"You complain of Love," said Phaon, "as if you had felt his rigors: yet, if I may judge by your years,

how is it possible, that, in the spring of existence, you can have experienced pains of frequent occurrence, or long duration?"—"A single moment," replied Sappho, "is sufficient to plunge into an abyss of misery, even when we appear raised to the summit of happiness."—"Happiness," said Scamandronymus, "is too often destroyed by immoderate desires or chimerical apprehensions. In misfortune, we drink the bitter cup even unto the last drop, without admitting the consolations of hope: but why should we seek to look through the dark veil of futurity which is impervious to our sight? Let us change the subject; let us learn from your own lips, how you became blessed with the favor of the goddess, whose generous bounty renders her still more worthy of our homage."

Phaon yields to their repeated wishes, and relates the details of his adventure. His words flowed from his lips, as from an abundant source: Sappho listened to the narration with the most tender and lively interest.—Her face expressed all the energy of her soul; and her looks were steadfastly fixed on the lips of Phaon. Scamandronymus raised his eyes to heaven; and the aged Cleïs was affected even to tears.

The narration ended, the delighted auditors still listened, and preserved the most religious silence.—An expression of universal applause succeeded.—The women admire his beauty; and the men envy him its possession. Scamandronymus wished the gods had given him such a son.—Phaon took his leave.—Their remarks were flattering; and they slowly resumed their accustomed occupations.—As he retires, the unfortunate Sappho feels the arrow pierce deeper and deeper into her wounded heart.

(*To be continued.*)

Horrrible SUPERSTITION *of the* HINDOOS.

(*From Buchanan's "Christian Researches in Asia."*)

WE know that we are approaching Juggernaut* (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it) by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps two thousand in number, who have come from various parts of Northern India. Some of them, with whom I have conversed, say that they have been two months on their march, traveling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Juggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road; and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrim's Caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. The dogs, jackals, and vultures seem to live here on human prey. The vultures exhibit a shocking *tameness*. The obscene animals will not leave the body sometimes till we come close to them. This Buddruck is a horrid place. Wherever I turn my eyes, I meet death in some shape or other. . . . .

Many thousands of pilgrims have accompanied us for some days past. They cover the road before and behind as far as the eye can reach. At nine o'clock this morning, the temple of Juggernaut appeared in view at a great distance. When the multitude first saw it, they gave a shout, and fell to the ground and worshipped. I have heard nothing to-day but shouts and acclamations by the successive bodies of pilgrims. From the place where I now stand, I have a view of a host of people like an army, encamped at the outer

* In Orissa.

gate of the town of Juggernaut; where a guard of soldiers is posted to prevent their entering the town, until they have paid the pilgrim's tax.—I passed a devotee to day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Juggernaut, by the *length of his body*, as a penance of merit to please the God. . . . . . .

A disaster has just occurred.—As I approached the gate, the pilgrims crowded from all quarters around me, and shouted, as they usually did when I passed them on the road, an expression of welcome and respect. I was a little alarmed at their number, and looked round for my guard. A guard of soldiers had accompanied me from Cuttack, the last military station; but they were now about a quarter of a mile behind, with my servants and the baggage. The pilgrims cried out that they were entitled to some indulgence, that they were poor, they could not pay the tax; but I was not aware of their design. At this moment, when I was within a few yards of the gate, an old Sanyassee (or holy man) who had traveled some days by the side of my horse, came up, and said, "Sir, you are in danger; the people are going to rush through the gate when it is opended for you." . . . . I immediately dismounted, and endeavoured to escape to one side; but it was too late. The mob was now in motion, and with a tumultuous shout pressed violently towards the gate. The guard within, seeing my danger, opened it, and the multitude, rushing through, carried me forward in the torrent a considerable space: so that I was literally borne into Juggernaut by the Hindoos themselves. A distressing scene followed. As the number and strength of the mob increased, the narrow way was choaked up by the mass of people; and I apprehended that many of them would have been suffocated, or bruised to death. My horse was yet among them. But suddenly one of the side posts of the gate, which was of wood, gave way, and fell to the ground. And, perhaps, this circumstance alone prevented the loss of lives. Notice of the event was immediately communicated to Mr. Hunter, the superintendant of the temple, who repaired to the spot, and sent an additional guard to the inner gate, lest the people should force that also; for there is an outer and an inner gate to the town of Juggernaut; but both of them are slightly constructed. Mr. Hunter told me that similar accidents sometimes occur, and that many have been crushed to death by the pressure of the mob. He added, that sometimes a body of pilgrims, (consisting chiefly of women and children and old men) trusting to the physical weight of their mass, will make, what he called, a *charge* on the armed guards, and overwhelm them; the guards not being willing in such circumstances to oppose their bayonets. . . . . .

I have seen Juggernaut. The scene at Buddruck is but the vestibule to Juggernaut. No record of ancient or modern history can give, I think, an adequate idea of this valley of death; it may be truly compared with the "valley of Hinnom." The idol, called Juggernaut, has been considered as the Moloch of the present age; and he is justly so named; for the sacrifices, offered up to him by self-devotement, are not less criminal, perhaps not less numerous, than those recorded of the Moloch of Canaan. Two other idols accompany Juggernaut, namely, Boloram and Shubudra, his brother and sister: for there are *three* Deities worshipped here. They receive equal adoration, and sit on thrônes of nearly equal height. . . .

This morning I viewed the Tem-

ple; a stupendous fabric, and truly commensurate with the extensive sway of "the horrid king." . . . . . The walls and gates are covered with indecent emblems, in massive and durable sculpture.—I have also visited the sand plains by the sea, in some places whitened with the bones of the pilgrims; and another place a little way out of the town, called by the English, the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are usually cast forth; and where dogs and vultures are ever seen*. . . . . .

I was surprised to see how little they † seemed to be moved by the scenes of Juggernaut. They said they were now so accustomed to them, they thought little of them. They had almost forgotten their first impressions. Their houses are on the sea shore, about a mile or more from the temple. They cannot live nearer, on account of the offensive effluvia of the town. For, independently of the enormity of the superstition, there are other circumstances which render Juggernaut noisome in an extreme degree. The senses are assailed by the squalid and ghastly appearance of the famished pilgrims; many of whom die in the streets of want or of disease; while the devotees, with clotted hair and painted flesh, are seen practising their various austerities, and modes of self-torture. . . . . . The vicinity of Juggernaut to the sea probably prevents the contagion, which otherwise would be produced by the putrefactions of the place. . . . . .

(*To be continued.*)

* The vultures generally find out the prey first; and begin with the intestines; for the flesh of the body is too firm for their beaks immediately after death. But the dogs soon receive notice of the circumstance; generally from seeing the *Hurries*, or corpse-carriers, returning from the place. On the approach of the dogs, the vultures retire a few yards, and wait till the body be sufficiently torn for easy deglutition. The vultures and dogs often feed together; and sometimes begin their attack before the pilgrim be quite dead. There are four animals which are sometimes seen about a carcase, the dog, the jackal, the vulture, and the *Hurgeela*, or Adjutant, called by Pennant, the Gigantic crane.

† Certain English gentlemen named in the narrative. EDIT.

Characteristic Traits of BONAPARTÉ.

(*Continued from page 363.*)

*** *These additional Traits are from M. Faber.*

BONAPARTÉ, in his journeys, the same as when at Paris, displays prodigious activity. Besides the audiences which he gives to the local authorities, he transacts business with the counsellors of state or with the ministers. He takes very little rest: sometimes he orders the minister for foreign affairs, or war, to be called up in the middle of the night. At three o'clock in the morning he has a report read to him, or dictates ideas for some official piece. This indefatigable industry is mentioned in the newspapers, and well it may be, for it surpasses the ordinary energies of man; every city in which it is displayed infers, but erroneously, that its local interests are the object of this application. It would be impolitic in Bonaparté to pay no attention at all to them; but they occupy the smallest portion of his solicitude and of his concern. The decrees relative to local objects seldom appear during Bonaparté's stay at the places themselves; he frequently leaves nothing but promises behind him, and the newspaper consoles itself with conjectures.

When he travels, 'tis the whole government of France, the cabinet of St. Cloud in perambulation.—The astonishing activity of the traveler is not directed to the places through which he passes, or to the

present moment, but is dictated by his political character and views. I have attentively examined all the local regulations by which he has commemorated his passage through departments and provincial towns, and have never been able to discover a single act of generosity.—The first regulation that is offered to or forced upon the cities is the establishment of an *octroi municipal*, or duty on provisions, or an increase of its rates, if previously established. The next measure is to give orders for the execution of the public works which are called for: such as the construction of a port, an exchange, a bridge, a new road, or a canal; the erection of an *entrepôt* for prohibited commodities, denominated *port-franc*; the repairing of a cathedral, a prison, or an hospital. The invariable rule, in all these cases, is to throw the expense upon those who require the establishment. If the revenues of the commune and the produce of the *octroi* are not sufficient for the purpose, extraordinary taxes are imposed, and the *centimes additionels* already charged in the tax-list are raised.

In eleven of the northern departments of France the canals are in a ruinous condition: an additional tax to continue for a number of years was laid upon the inhabitants to defray the expense of putting them in order. It is the same in the south, in the west, in the east; it is the same in every part of France. As to the measures which Bonaparté commands, he never furnishes more towards them than the decree and his name. The favors which he grants are always burdens, and his boasted beneficence invariably saddles his wretched subjects with new imposts. I have often seen magistrates and people who would fain have been released from the weight of decrees bountifully issued in their behalf.

In these journeys, indeed, he displays an activity which astonishes the spectator. No sooner does he alight from his carriage than he receives the Authorities. When the audience is over, he mounts his horse, and rides round the town to reconnoitre its situation and its environs. If it happens to be late when he arrives, this reconnoissance is deferred till day-break the next morning, at six, five, or perhaps at four o'clock. Before the inhabitants are out of bed, Bonaparté has often returned to his lodgings. I have known him immediately on alighting propose a hunting-party, which has lasted several hours. All his surveys are taken with extreme rapidity. Bonaparté, mounted on his Arabian horse, generally leaves those who accompany him far behind; while waiting for them to rejoin him, he gains time to make his observations. With the exception, perhaps, of some general, extraordinarily well mounted, scarcely any one of his suite can keep pace with him; his favorite Mameluke, Roustan, who attends with the led horses, often cannot. The citizen commanding the guard of honor, who has obtained permission to follow him, is generally the first obliged to give in. Bonaparté has sometimes fatigued two horses in riding round a town of a moderate size. Falls from their horses are not at all uncommon to his suite; I myself saw this happen once to Roustan. Bonaparté always seeks the shortest roads: he never follows the windings, and obstacles do not stop him: he leaps over walls, hedges, and ditches, leaving those who follow him to go round. He scales, on horseback, mountains almost inaccessible to the pedestrian,

and descends them in the same manner; he has been seen mounting in this way an ascent almost perpendicular, situated near Aix la Chapelle, and descending from it. He often makes with his Arabians most dangerous leaps: his friends have remarked to him the risks to which he exposes himself; to which he one day answered, "Do you not know that I am the first horseman in the world?" Bonaparté is certainly a good horseman, without grace or dignity, it is true, but with a firmness and a rare *sang-froid* he shows himself every-where absolute master of his seat. Wherever he passes, he leaves behind him the remembrance of the rapidity of his course, of the boldness of his leaps, and of an activity unparalleled. He always appears in the act of reconnoitring spots of ground fit for the positions of armies, for forts or redoubts. One would say, to see his active haste, that he was preparing to give battle the following day. Round a manufacturing, a commercial, or an agricultural town, Bonaparté's circuits always bear the same character; he carries the same *coup d'œil* every-where. It is true that this *coup d'œil* is just; it is always that of an experienced engineer, and one that may become very useful when it is necessary. At first sight Bonaparté will point out the best direction to be given to a projected canal, the best place for establishing or for constructing a port or a dyke.

Bonaparté does not come like a father to be surrounded by his children; he appears like a master among his slaves. When saluted, he pays no attention; thousands of heads are uncovered when he passes, he makes not the slightest inclination; never is his hat moved from his head, he seems deaf to the cries of *Vivat* and *huzza!* Never is the least impression visible on his countenance, nothing astonishes him, nothing rejoices him. When he is spoken to, his physiognomy remains immoveable, and seems to express that he knows beforehand all that can be told him. He allows speeches to be recited to him, as so many formulas which he knows to be dictated; it is painful to him to listen to them; he submits to this pain, not for himself, but because he wishes the world to learn what men say to him to confess their subjection.

I happened, one day, to be placed, in my official character, next to the mayor of a considerable city, when he was about to harangue Bonaparté on his arrival. The mayor had taken great pains to commit his speech to memory; but Bonaparté scarcely gave him time to present the keys, and to repeat the passage relating to that part of the ceremony. The coachman was impetuously ordered to drive on, and the mayor left to harangue the air. He had, however, the consolation to see the account of the delivery of the keys and his whole discourse in the newspaper the next day.—"No harangue, gentlemen!" is frequently the discouraging apostrophe with which Bonaparté cuts short these trembling deputations; he asks for the intended speeches in writing, that he may order them to be inserted in his official gazette. The hurry of the traveler is not proportionate to the wants of the country visited, nor even to the ceremonial; the only thing with which it corresponds is the esteem of the person addressed for the addressers.

If he ask questions, it is in the tone of command. He will be answered with quickness; he will be promptly obeyed. It were better to give a false answer than hesitate. A man in office, scrupulous in his

assertions, incurs reprimands. Well-informed men have been removed into other departments for not having replied with confidence. Others have obtained crosses of the legion of honor for having answered with boldness.

If Bonaparté will not be beloved, he is well paid in return. He finds nowhere attachment, nowhere enthusiasm, for the one necessarily combines with the other. The curious crowd which follows Bonaparté in his various courses is mute. Not a voice would be heard when he passes, if the police was not careful to organise the sounds. I have seen, placed by the local authorities among different groups of people, certain barkers, to cry with Stentorean voices, *Vive l'Empereur!* They lead the mob, and rule it by terror. Their voices pierce amidst the groupes, and are heard in different places and at different moments above all others. I have seen how these men have been compelled to lower their voices, their game being too gross and easily discovered. In towns where the idiom is Italian or German, one hears French voices insulated amidst the native groupes.

The Heroine *of* Saragossa.

(From Sir John Carr's "Descriptive Travels in Spain.")

During the first siege of Zaragoza [or Saragossa] by the French, they seemed to direct their attacks principally against the gate called the Portillo. . . . . . The sand-bag battery before the gate of the Portillo was gallantly defended by the Arragonese. It was several times destroyed, and as often re-constructed under the fire of the enemy. The carnage in this battery throughout the day was terrible. It was here that an act of heroism was performed by a female, to which history scarcely affords a parallel. Augustina Zaragoza, about twenty-two years of age, a handsome woman of the lower class of the people, whilst performing her duty of carrying refreshments to the gates, arrived at the battery of the Portillo at the very moment when the French fire had absolutely destroyed every person that was stationed at it. The citizens and soldiers for the moment hesitated to re-man the guns; Augustina rushed forward over the wounded and the slain; snatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery-man, and fired off a twenty-six pounder, then jumping upon the gun, made a solemn vow never to quit it alive during the siege; and having stimulated her fellow citizens by this daring intrepidity to fresh exertions, they instantly rushed into the battery, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy.

In the second siege, some particulars of which I shall hereafter relate, she surpassed her former achievements. Augustina appeared to be of the age which Mr. Vaughan has assigned to her, about 23, when I saw her. She was neatly dressed in the black mantilla. Her complexion was light olive, her countenance soft and pleasing, and her manners, which were perfectly feminine, were easy and engaging. Upon the sleeve of one of her arms she wore three embroidered badges of distinction, commemorative of three distinguished acts of her intrepidity. Brigadier-General Doyle told me, that she never talked of her own brilliant exploits, but always spoke with animation of the many she saw displayed by others in those memorable sieges. These insignia of military merits had been conferred upon her by her illustrious commander, General Joseph Palafox. The day be-

fore I was introduced to this extraordinary female, she had been entertained at a dinner, given by Admiral Purvis on board of his flag-ship. The particulars I received from an officer who was present; as she received a pension from government, and also the pay of an artillery-man, the admiral considered her as a military character, and, much to his credit, received her with the honors of that profession. Upon her reaching the deck, the marines were drawn up and manœuvred before her. She appeared quite at home, regarded them with a steady eye, and spoke in terms of admiration of their neatness, and soldier-like appearance. Upon examining the guns, she observed of one of them, with the satisfaction with which other women would speak of a cap; "My gun," alluding to the one with which she effected considerable havock amongst the French at Zaragoza, "was not so nice and clean as this." She was drinking her coffee when the evening gun fired; its discharge seemed to electrify her with delight; she sprang out of the cabin upon the deck, and attentively listened to the reverberation of its sound. In the evening she joined in the dance with the rest of the company, and displayed a good ear for music, and considerable natural gracefulness. The sailors, as it may be supposed, were uncommonly pleased with her. Some were overheard to say with an hearty oath, "I hope they will do something for her: she ought to have plenty of prize-money; she is of the right sort."

So much envy does merit always excite, that there were many in Cadiz, and men too, who coldly called this young heroine the artillery-woman; and observed, that they should soon have nothing but battalions of women in the field, instead of attending to their domestic concerns, if every romantic female was rewarded and commissioned, as Augustina had been. Base detractors! happy would it have been for your country, if many of your soldiers, and most of your chiefs, had acted with the undaunted intrepidity and unshaken patriotism of this young female! The interest of my interview with her was much increased by the following circumstance. Brigadier-General Doyle was relating to her the deplorable state to which Palafox had been reduced just before and after he fell into the hands of the enemy in the second siege; she listened to him with the most anxious attention. "Ah Augustina," said he, "now attend to the last letters of your friend, hero, and general; he will speak to you through them." He then read to her some very affecting letters written to Brigadier-General Doyle a short time before, and after the surrender, which he afterwards translated to me, and of which the following are translated copies.

"Zaragoza, February 7th, 1809.

"My dearest Friend and Brother.

"I have just received your letter, but no one comes to my assistance on any side; you, however, know me well; you know I will sooner die than cover myself with disgrace: but if you do not help me, what am I to do? Ah, my friend! this thought does indeed afflict me, but I want not courage to die for the preservation of my honor; if you do not come quickly, very quickly, receive the last embraces of your dearest friend and brother! Sufficient that I say to you, *my tried friend*," (these three words are in English.) "The bearer of this will tell you. Ah, my friend! my brother!"

It may be proper here to ob-

serve, that the line of service in which Brigadier-General Doyle was principally engaged, was that of collecting information of the movements of the enemy, and furnishing succours to the patriotic troops of Spain,—a species of service for which the general, by his activity, zeal, address, and local knowledge, was eminently qualified. He made every exertion to send succours to the brave Arragonese in their renowned city, but without success. A dreadful pestilential fever broke out amongst them. Owing to excess of fatigue, and the desperate condition of himself and his heroic comrades, Palafox became delirious, and when the French entered Zaragoza, was unable to make any arrangements for his personal safety. Augustina caught the pestilence, which was incumbering the streets with its victims. She had too much distinguished herself not to attract the notice of the French. She was made prisoner, and removed to an hospital, where, as she was considered to be dying of the fever, her guard paid but little attention to her. However, her good constitution began to triumph over this cruel malady, and, finding she was but little watched, she contrived to elude the centinel, and, in a manner as extraordinary as the rest of her exploits, escaped in persect safety. General Doyle then read another, the last note but one he had at that time received from Palafox: it was written at Pamplona, to which place he had been removed by the enemy in his way to Paris, and was dated March 13. "My dearest Doyle, my friend, my brother, for God's sake send me by the bearer, or by a letter on Bayonne, some money.—You know how long a journey is before me, and the moment will arrive when I shall beg charity. This is the only comfort I can now receive from your good heart. My dearest friend, they have robbed me to the very shirt. Adieu! adieu! adieu!" The face of Augustina, which, as I have observed, is remarkable for its sweetness, assumed a mingled expression of commiseration for her hero, and revenge against his enemies. Her eyes, naturally soft, flashed with peculiar fire and animation; tears rolled down her cheeks; and clasping her hands, as the last word, "adieu," was repeated, she exclaimed, "Oh! those base invaders of my country! those oppressors of its best patriots! should the fate of war place any of them within my power, I will instantly deliver up their throats to the knife." General Doyle was much impressed with the manner in which she uttered this fierce denunciation, a manner that can leave but little doubt of her carrying it into execution, should an opportunity offer. Soon afterwards the husband of Augustina entered, who had been severely wounded during the sieges, accompanied by a youth, a nobleman, and a cousin of Palafox. When the second siege took place, this young man was at college, which, upon the irruption of the French, he abruptly quitted, and after having distinguished himself at Rio Sico under General Cuesta, with scarcely any money, and little food and clothing, he made his way to Zaragoza, and fought under his noble relative with enthusiastic bravery. It does not often fall to the lot of a traveler to meet with occurrences such as I have related, and to see a group of persons so distinguished for their intrepidity and patriotism. Augustina calls herself the *Woman of Zaragoza*; she occasionally wears the dress of the service into which she has entered, the artillery, but mo-

destly preserves the petticoat. One evening, as she was walking alone in this habit, in one of the streets of Cadiz, with her sabre by her side, a man, attracted by her beauty, followed her a considerable way; upon which, offended at his impertinence, she turned round, and, drawing her sabre, with great calmness but determination, told him, that, if he followed her another step, she would cut him down. The desire of this gay, but not gallant Lothario, was instantly turned into fear; and he fled from the object of his wishes, as fast as his legs could carry him. She was proceeding to Seville, to be presented to the central junta, for the purpose of soliciting a higher appointment in the patriotic army.

Traits of the Character of SAMUEL FOOTE.

(From Jesse Foot's "Life of Arthur Murphy")

HE had a fund of wit, humour, and sense; but he did not make a good use of his talents, though he got money by them, which he very idly squandered. He was too fond of detraction and mimicry, which were blemishes in his conversation, though you were entertained by them. He was ridiculously vain of his family, and of his classical knowledge, which was superficial, and boasted of his numerous relations among the old nobility. He was very extravagant, but by no means generous. Though he spared no expense in entertainments, nor in wine, yet he did not understand a table. He affected to have disguised cookery, and French dishes, and never eat plain meat. He was not clean in his person, and was disgusting in his manner of eating: but he was so pleasant a fellow, and had such a flow of spirits, that you forgot his faults, and pardoned his want of elegance and decency. He always took the lead in conversation, and was generally the chief or sole performer, and he had such a rage for shining, and was so delighted with applause, that he often brought to my mind those lines of Pope in his character of the Duke of Wharton:

> "Though list'ning senates hung on all he spoke,
> The club must hail him master of the joke."

He was civil to your face, and seldom put you out of humour with yourself: but you paid for his civility the moment you went out of company, and were sure of being made ridiculous; yet he was not as malignant as some men I have known: but his vanity, and the desire he had of showing his wit, made him run into satire and detraction. He loved titled men, and was proud of their company, though he gave himself airs of treating them with scorn. He was licentious and profligate, and frequently made a jest of religion and morality. He told a story very well, and added many pleasant circumstances of his own invention to heighten it. He had likewise a good choice of words and apt expressions, and would speak plausibly on grave subjects; but he soon grew tired of serious conversation, and returned naturally to his favorite amusement, mimicry, in which he did not excel; for he was coarse and unfair, and drew caricatures. But he entertained you more than a closer mimic. If he had applied to the bar, and took pains in the profession of the law, it is probable he would have succeeded in it; for he was very quick and discerning, and could relate the material occurrences of a debate in parliament with wonderful precision and perspicuity.—He was a bad actor, and always ran into farce, and in

tragedy he was detestable: for whenever he aimed at expression, he was distorted. His voice, face, and figure were equally disagreeable.

He was always buying rings, snuff-boxes, toys, &c. which were the great expense to him, and was a bubble at play.—Upon the whole, his life and character would furnish matter for a good farce with an instructive moral. It would show us, that parts and talents are of little use without prudence or virtue; and that flashes of wit and humour give only a momentary pleasure, but no solid entertainment.

He rented Charlton-house, the family-seat in Worcestershire, where he lived in some splendor for about a year and a half. During his magnificence there, he invited his old schoolmaster, Mr. Miles, to dine with him, who, admiring his service of plate, and well furnished sideboard, very innocently asked Mr. Foote what it might cost. "Indeed," says he, I know not: but sure I am, I shall soon know what it will bring."

Divine Justice.

(From Watson's "Plain Statement of some of the most important Principles of Religion.")

We find justice absolutely necessary for the government of the world; and we see that the Divine Governor acts generally upon this principle in the whole of his administration. We see his justice in making wickedness, in many cases, its own punishment. There is scarcely any act of wickedness but what is followed up by some immediate punishment. The situation of mankind does not permit, that the present state should be a system of the complete moral government of God. In fact, it could not be accomplished, whilst we are in this imperfect and mixed state. But we see sufficient to show us what is the principle of God's government. Every vice produces, less or more, even here, some kind of punishment. Habitual intemperance is followed up by disease, by an impairment of faculties, by a weakened memory and reason, by a reduced fortune, and very often by contempt. And nothing can render a man more contemptible than sensual indulgencies carried to an excessive length. Anger preys generally upon its own bowels, and tears and rends the weak frame: envy corrodes the heart: malice distresses the man in its pursuit, and not unfrequently is checked or corrected by some equivalent return. Avarice is punished by shutting up the heart, and preventing men from the enjoyment of what they possess. The miser is condemned to watch over his money, but not for his own benefit, but for the benefit of others; and he is as effectually debarred, by the narrowness of his mind, from the rational enjoyment of it, as if it were in the possession of his greatest enemy. Every vice takes away also from enjoyment; and declares in the strongest language, that here is neither joy nor peace to the wicked. In this constitution of our nature, we see the wisdom and justice of the divine administration clearly manifested, to tell us, that God is just and righteous in all his ways.

It can be no objection to the justice of God, that virtue is not completely rewarded, or vice fully punished, in this world. The reasons for this imperfection are obvious. Vice could not be completely punished here without involving the innocent with the guilty. A wicked father could not be effectually punished without causing his innocent

offspring to suffer. In the present state, the good and the bad, the righteous and the wicked, are so closely interwoven, that the greatest injustice would be committed, were vice to meet with its final punishment in the present state. But we see sufficient to convince us of the justice of God; and the full display of it must be in the eternal world, where there will be a final and everlasting separation between the righteous and the wicked. The same reasons may be assigned for virtue not being fully rewarded in this life. There are sufficient indications of virtue's final recompense to support the diligence and hopes of good men, in the faithful discharge of their duty; and their great reward must be deferred to the future life.

Virtue here is followed up with great benefits. Temperance strengthens our body; and increases or preserves our health. Justice begets satisfaction, confidence, and respect; and benevolence is followed up by the most delightful enjoyment; and every virtue, fully exercised, produces peace and pleasing reflexions; and encourages us to look forward also to the approbation of our Maker.

Hence we infer, that He who formed this constitution of our nature, must be himself infinitely just.

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Notices of the Elephant.—Colonel Kirkpatrick, in his "Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul," mentions his having been informed that two or three wild elephants sometimes take possession of a road, and obstruct the progress of travelers for a considerable time.—He adds, that certain deputies, on their way from Nepaul to Patna, had their camp assaulted by a large herd of those animals, of which they found it difficult to rid themselves.—He further observes that the elephants sometimes issue from the forest in droves, over-run the cultivated country on its borders, and sometimes even penetrate a good way into the districts of the East India Company.—On the other hand, Mr. Buchanan, in his "Christian Researches in Asia," gives a remarkable instance of the natural, or, at least, habitual reluctance of the tame elephant to injure a human creature. One of those animals, as he informs us, being suddenly frightened, ran off through a countless multitude of pilgrims assembled before the temple of Juggernaut*: but, though the crowd was very closely thronged together, "he endeavoured, in the midst of his own terror, to throw the people off, on both sides, with his feet; and it was found that he had only trodden upon one person."

Anecdote of Lord HOLLAND.—Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland), father of the celebrated Charles James Fox, said one day to his son—then about thirteen years of age, and just come home from Eton school—"Well, Charles, do you bring any news from Eton?"—"News! None at all. Hold! I *have* some news. I went up to Windsor, to pay a fruit-woman seven shillings that I owed her: the woman stared, and said, "Are you son to that there Fox that is member for our town?"—"Yes, I am his son."—"Poo! I won't believe it: if you were his son, I never should receive this money."—This anecdote is related by the late Arthur Murphy, who adds, that Mr. Fox (the father) "laughed heartily" at this curious article of intelligence, and said, "Here, Charles—here's a glass of wine for your story."

* See page 415 of our present Number.

Anecdote of HAMOODA, *the present* BEY *of* TUNIS.—In the early part of his life, (as we learn from Mr. Macgill, in his "Account of Tunis") Hamooda, notwithstanding the strong prohibition in the Koran, was much addicted to drinking; and his slaves, encouraged by his example, indulged in similar excesses. —One night, as they were over their cups, a noise was heard in the court-yard below; with impatience the Bey demanded the occasion of it; and finding that it proceeded from some people of the Dey of Algiers, who were also making merry, he ordered his late prime minister, Mustafa, who was a sensible man, to have them immediately strangled. The prudent minister, who is still much spoken of, received the order, but contented himself with putting the poor fellows in prison; telling the prince that he had been obeyed. In the morning, when the fumes of the preceding night's debauch had begun to subside, the Bey inquired after the Algerines. Mustafa reminded him of the order he had given the night before. Almost frantic, Hamooda asked if it had been obeyed? Mustafa answered in the negative; for which the prince thanked him; and, since that time, he has never tasted wine or strong drink.

Burning of WIDOWS.—Few of our readers, we presume, are ignorant of the horrid custom which prevails among the "*mild*," the "*gentle*" Hindoos—that the widow should *voluntarily* consent to be burned alive on the funeral pile with the body of her deceased husband; in default of which, she is ever after considered as infamous, and shunned by all her acquaintance, as carefully as the most abandoned female in this country is shunned by the virtuous portion of the fair sex. But, lest it be supposed that such inhuman sacrifices are of rare occurrence, we quote the authority of Mr. Buchanan, who, in his "Christian Researches in Asia," gives a minute and distinct enumeration of *one hundred and fifteen* widows thus barbarously immolated in the space of *six months*, within thirty miles round Calcutta, so late as the year *eighteen hundred a⸗d four!*

FATTENING *for* MARRIAGE.—The Tunisians have a curious custom—noticed by Mr. Macgill in his "*Account of Tunis*"—that of fattening up their young ladies for marriage. A girl, after she is betrothed, is cooped up in a small room. Shackles of silver and gold are put upon her ancles and wrists, as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, dispatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore, are put upon the new bride's limbs; and she is fed until they are filled up to the proper thickness. This is sometimes no easy matter; particularly if the former wife was fat, and the present should be of a slender form. The food used for this custom, worthy of barbarians, is a seed called *drough*, which is of an extraordinary fattening quality, and also famous for rendering the milk of nurses rich and abundant. With this seed, and their national dish, "*cuscusu*," the bride is literally crammed; and many actually die under the spoon!

Spanish Bachelors.—Mr. Jacob, in his "*Travels in the South of Spain*," notices a singular custom prevalent among the peasantry of that country. A young peasant, he tells us, never sleeps on a bed, till he is married. Before that event, he rests on the floor in his clothes, which he never takes off, except for the purposes of cleanliness; and, during the greater part of the year,

it is a matter of indifference to him, whether he sleep under a roof or in the open air.

Parliamentary BON-MOT. (*From Sir Jonah Barrington's "Historic Anecdotes of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland."*) —Sir Henry Cavendish, a member of the Irish House of Commons, "was so expert at short-hand, that he was correct even to a word, and frequently, during important debates, sent the most remarkable speeches to the Castle, to gratify the solicitude of the impatient Viceroy. —His Excellency, after a warm debate (during which, Sir Henry seceded from the Devonshire party), asked Sir Hercules Langrishe, if Sir Henry had taken *notes* that night? —The baronet, affecting not to understand the tenor of His Excellency's question, pleasantly replied, that he believed Sir Henry had taken either *notes or ready money*, but he could not exactly inform His Excellency, which.—Sir Henry went into office immediately after.

Extraordinary MEMORY.—By accounts from New York, we learn that a curious phænomenon has lately appeared there—a most wonderful instance of the powers of memory and calculation.—A boy, under seven years of age, who reads so imperfectly that it may almost be said he cannot read at all, and who is quite un-acquainted with figures—yet possesses the astonishing power of multiplying numbers so as to give the result of the most difficult questions. For instance, a person asks him how much (suppose) 5678, multiplied by 5678, or any other number, will produce; he appears to consider for a moment, and will then give the exact sum. If asked, how he knows that it is so?—he says he cannot tell, but that it is so. —Sometimes the persons try to puzzle him, and will tell him he is mistaken, or will sometimes make a mistake in the result of the question proposed, to try him. The boy will then reply very positively, and often pertly, when told that he is wrong—"No, you are wrong;" and in no instance has the child been found to have erred in the result he gives. —What is more, he is equally expert in division and subtraction. In this there can be no trick, as the boy could never be instructed to answer the variety of questions that are daily put to him by different persons who go to see him.

CONGELATION *of* WATER *in a warm Room.*—Professor Leslie effects the congelation of a mass of water in a warm room by the following curious process.—Under the receiver of an air-pump, he places two vessels, the one containing water, the other any substance very attractive of moisture. The weight of the air being removed by working the pump, copious evaporations begin to take place from the water. Were there nothing under the receiver but this liquid, an atmosphere of vapor would be formed, by whose pressure further evaporation would be prevented; but the other substance absorbs this vapor almost as speedily as it rises. Hence evaporation and its invariable effect, the production of cold, proceed so vigorously, as soon to convert the water into ice, *spicula* of which are seen shooting beautifully across.

Instantaneous LIGHT.—Mr. Chapman, chemist, in the Strand, has offered to the public a composition for producing immediate light on the application of a match. How far it may be superior to the liquid phosphorus commonly used for the same purpose, we cannot tell, as we have not witnessed its effect: but it has been represented to us as a different

composition—dry, hard, durable, and free from all offensive odor.

For the Tooth-ache, an infallible cure is said to be found in rubbing the outside part under the jawbone and ear, for a whole day together, with a mixture of spirits of wine and rum, applied with the finger. The friction itself being useful, may be continued with rum and oil, if the part become sore from the application of the spirits of wine.

Preservation of Articles of Food.—Mr. Durand, of Hoxton-square, has obtained a patent for a mode of preserving meat, vegetables, milk, &c. for a considerable time, without the aid of salt, or other condiment. A jar or other vessel, containing the article of food, is placed in a pot of cold water, which is gradually made to boil, and kept boiling for a sufficient time; after which, the vessel is closely stopped, and not to be opened until its contents are wanted for use. Such of our readers as wish to be better acquainted with the process, will find it explained at large in a recent publication, of moderate price, entitled, "*The Art of preserving all kinds of animal and vegetable Substances for several Years; a work published by order of the French Minister of the Interior, on the Report of the Board of Arts and Manufactures.—By M. Appert.*——

TAX-GATHERING *at* TUNIS.—Mr Macgill, in his "*Account of Tunis,*" informs us, that, when the Tunisians are called upon to pay their dues to the prince, they uniformly plead inability, and make use of every protestation to support their plea. The tax-gatherer, accustomed to this kind of pretence, puts him who refuses, immediately under the bastinado; he then cries out, that he will pay, and generally, before rising from the ground, draws forth his bag, and counts out the cash. A gentleman who stood by, on an occasion of this kind, inquired of the man who had been under the bastinado, if it would not have been better to have paid at once? "What!" cried he, "pay my taxes without being bastinadoed? No! no!" Such conduct may arise not only from their great ignorance and love of money, which makes them hope to the last moment that they will escape, but also from the rapacious nature of the government, which renders it dangerous to appear rich.

Improved Soap.——Baron Van Doornich, of Broad-Street, London, has invented a new species of soap, to wash, not only with soft, but also with hard or salt, water.

Library.—Col. Kirkpatrick, in his "Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul," says he was credibly informed that a single private library in that country contained upwards of fifteen thousand volumes.

Cheap Warmth.—Mr. Buchanan, of Glasgow, states that a place of worship was, during last winter, heated by means of steam, on a very simple plan, requiring little or no attendance, and no fresh supply of water above three times in the whole winter, in addition to that first put into the boiler.—He mentions another mode, by which a fire of three hours in the morning serves for heating during the remainder of the day.

Scarlet Die.—Mr. Dunlop, of Manchester, has invented a scarlet die for cotton, warranted to resist the action of soap, air, and acid.

Deep Well.—At Purbleigh, near Maldon, in Essex, a well has lately been dug 334 feet deep. The water, when at length found after about four months' digging, rose 252 feet in 14 hours—leaving the depth, from the surface of the earth to the surface of the water, 82 feet.

Violin.—A violin, made by Nico-

Dress

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Morning & Evening Dress.

No. 9. 1811.

Amati for Louis XIV. at the beginning of his reign, was lately sold at Paris for £126.

London Morning and Evening
DRESSES.

1. *Morning dress.*—A gown of muslin worked in any fancy manner; a bonnet of pale blue satin; and an Indian shawl.

2. *Evening dress*—Of pale pink satin richly trimmed with white lace; a kerchief or tippet of lace to hang loosely on the shoulders; hat of the same satin, with three feathers to match in color; the edge Vandyked with lace.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or Ends of Verses, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes of the writer's own choice.

Sweet, Greet—Sublime, Clime—Decay, Clay—Sore, Tore—Load, Abode——Scene, Serene——Taste, Graced—Ear, Cheer.

Any approved Completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of November, *shall appear on the first of* December.

POETRY.

Lines, respectfully addressed to Miss C. C. RICHARDSON*, *Hinderwell.*
By JOANNA SQUIRE.

FAIN would my grateful Muse, in strain sincere,
Her thanks express, and tell how truly dear
(Beyond those views which sordid natures bind)
I prize the friendship of a gen'rous mind.
To such (like you) I could, unsought, impart
The nearest, dearest, wishes of my heart;
Frankly, to such, its inmost thoughts display,
Each hope acknowledge, and each fear portray.
But ah! my Muse! thy rude unpolish'd lay
But ill would paint what feeling sighs to say:
Though strong thy will, thy pow'rs—but weak at best—
Now crush'd by sorrow, and by pain oppress'd,
Desert the post, where anguish takes her stand,
Aw'd by the horrors of her gloomy band.
So the sweet bird, whose notes, though weak, impart
A glow of pleasure to the feeling heart—
Taught by un-erring instinct to descry
When the loud tempest threatens from the sky—
In the kind thicket hides his trembling form,
And hears in silence the imperious storm,
Nor dares again attune the grateful lay,
'Till flying clouds proclaim a fairer day.
But ah! my friend! athwart misfortune's gloom,
Hope sheds no ray, my dreary path t'illume.
For me, no more her magic hand portrays
The future glowing bright with halcyon days:
For me, no more she spreads her glitt'ring wings,
For me, no more in strain harmonious sings;
But yields her once bright mansion in my breast
To the dread empire of a baneful guest.
Chill'd by her frown, my weak unfriended Muse
On ev'ry side unnumber'd dangers views;
With timid glance, her proudest page surveys,
And yields, with tears, to happier bards the bays.
Yet still, though fancy's gilded dreams are o'er,
And Hope's delusive whispers charm no more,
I dare (though late) this grateful tribute pay
To her, whose praises animate the lay;
And, if the friendship of a soul sincere
Will to thy gen'rous heart indeed be dear,
From me accept, what you so kindly claim;
And on your chosen list inscribe my name.

* See, in our Magazine for January, an *Acrostich*, addressed to the ingenious author of these lines, by *Miss Richardson*, to whom we take this opportunity of expressing our regret that her Muse has, during so many months, omitted to enrich our pages with any of her valuable effusions.

A maiden Effort.
By J. M. L.

ONCE I attempted to unfold
My genius in a rhime;
But found 'twas dross instead of gold,
And did but waste my time.

I wrote a line, then struck it out:
Again I did the same;
But still I tried, and did not doubt
To gain immortal fame.

At length I found I had destroy'd
Of foolscap a full quire,
And, as new thoughts my mind employ'd,
Threw old ones in the fire.

Then, in a pet, I curs'd my Muse—
If Muse indeed I had—
And said, "This trade I will not choose;
A poet's trade's so bad!"

Sonnet.
By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

STILL, still she frowns—with adamantine heart; [ardent vows;
Mocks all my suff'rings, scorns my
Ne'er does one look of sympathy impart,
But cold neglect, for purest love, bestows. [kind:
Come, gentle Sleep! nor be, like her, un-
Come, though reluctant, to a wretch distress'd! [temples bind;
Bring poppy-wreaths, and round my
And lull me in thy drowsy arms to rest
My pray'r is heard!—Lethargic dews descend; [close;
Increasing weights my weary'd eyelids
Wide o'er my couch Sleep's sable wings extend:
My senses fail: I sink into repose.
Oh that 'twere Death thus stole my pow'rs away, [day!
That I no more might view returning

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES *proposed in our Magazine for July.*
The MARINER, *by* J. M. L.

OBSERVE yon sea-wave soaring *high*,
While desolation hovers *nigh*,
And ruin rides the blast!—
The seaman dreads the tempest's *reign*;
For life may sink, as sinks his *gain*!
Each breath may be his last!

Dear then would be the sight of *shore*—
To him more dear than all the *lore*
Of Learning's studious train:
But, ah! sweet hope no ray will *lend*;
And life's last hour he's doom'd to *spend*
In bitterness and pain!

For him no more will day-beams *shine*:—
But poesy shall form the *line*
That consecrates his doom.
Life's gayer dreams no more can *cloy*
To heav'n his soul must look for *joy*,
Beyond his wat'ry tomb!

His was a course full fraught with *fear*;
Danger and death were ever *near*,
And stole his hours of peace:—
But, as, when here, his griefs were *great*,
So are his joys, in that pure *state*
Where joys can never cease!

Another, by ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

O great Omnipotent on *high*,
Who dost o'er all with mercy *reign*!
Whose aiding spirit e'er is *nigh*
All those who would thy favor *gain*!

To win thy love, my hours I'll *spend*,
Still read with awe thy sacred *lore*;
Still in thy praise my voice I'll *lend*,
Till summon'd to that happier *shore*,

Where, round thy throne, a radiant *line*
Of seraphs stand; and, hymning *near*,
Just men, made perfect, ever *shine*,
Exempt from age, from *woe*, from *fear*.

How soon all earthly pleasures *cloy*!
How empty, vain, the name of *great*!
Seek then, my soul, immortal *joy*;
Secure a blissful future *state*.

Imitation of the French Epigram given in our Magazine for July.
By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

"You live in a country rude, rugged, unpleasant," [sant:
A fat-witted Fleming said to a Swiss pea-
"Hence, those characteristics we trace in your mind: [climate, we find."
For the manners are form'd from the
"The remark is illib'ral," the Switzer replied, [tuous he eyed:
As Mynheer Vander Dogger contemp-
"But, if right I remember, *your* country's quite flat: [that?"
Pray, what's the effect on a Fleming from

The Village SCHOOL-MISTRESS.
By Mr. HERSEE, *author of "Poems, rural and domestic"—"a youth" (to use his own words) "born in an humble cottage, and bred at the plough, unblest by the smiles of Fortune, debarred from every advantage of education, and instructed only by the village matron;" but whose volume, nevertheless, exhibits a very respectable list of subscribers.*

ON Arun's bank, my native vale,
Where pass'd my sportive infant days,
There liv'd a neat and cleanly dame,
Whose learning gain'd the village praise:

For well she knew to guide the pin
Across the Primer's motley page;

And she had read, and could explain,
The scripture through, with aspect sage.

She oft with birch the youngster scar'd,
Or pinn'd him to her apron blue;
And which the scholar, which the dunce,
By early proof, her judgement knew.

Her solitary cottage stood
Snug shelter'd from the northern breeze;
With mossy thatch warm cover'd o'er,
And shaded by two high elm trees.

A path, with pinks and daisies trimm'd,
Led from the homely entrance gate;
The door, worm-eaten and decay'd,
Bespoke the tenant's low estate.

'Twas she first taught my infant tongue
The hard-learn'd characters to trace;
'Twas she first caus'd the cloud of care
To rush in showers down my face.

Oft have I walk'd, in frosty morn,
Across the common wide and bleak,
"Creeping, like snail," a loit'ring pace,
With shiv'ring limbs and visage meek.

Or when, in summer's genial hours,
With blooming thyme the heath would smile,
The purple sweet I've staid to pluck,
And climb'd reluctant o'er the stile.

And often have I linger'd there,
And stopp'd to see, with raptur'd eyes,
The little, warbling, joyous lark
Above the village steeple rise.

Yet, though with pure delight I lov'd
To gaze on nature's beauteous vest,
The time thus spent dame call'd a crime;
And blushes oft that crime confess'd.

First lectur'd sharp, then was I doom'd
Beneath her chast'ning hand to bow;
Or, to the apron pinn'd, to grieve
Before the matron's frowning brow;

There trembling stand; while she perchance
Caress'd some dunce; nor dar'd I ask,
With swimming eyes, to be releas'd,
Nor glance aside my destin'd task.

Hard was that task; yet harder still,
While others rov'd, enjoying play,
To be a pris'ner left alone,
With bursting heart there doom'd to stay.

But, when the sov'reign of the school
Was pleas'd, and on me kindly smil'd,
Then none so happy, none so blythe,
And none to learn more cheerful toil'd.

Head student in the humming throng,
A rank by all superior thought,
Was my much-envy'd happy lot;
And elders my instruction sought.

On ev'ry busy washing-day,
To regency I made my claim;
Exalted on her brown rush throne,
While foaming suds half hid the dame.

Quick flutt'ring in my little breast,
Proud joy was mine, and ruling sway.
With scorn I view'd each taller dunce
Compell'd my mandate to obey.

Oh! could I now as happy prove!
As soon elate my bosom glow!
But ah! distress'd by wordly cares,
No more can I such pleasure know.

She, who first in my infant mind
Saw learning's early shoot appear,
Now rests beneath the sacred sod;—
And still to me her mem'ry's dear.

Simplicity! thou gentle pow'r!
Weep o'er her lowly rural shade!
Oh truth! bestow thy warmest tear,
Where thy kind advocate is laid.

Ah! Dame, I thought not, as I pass'd
The ancient yew, when school'd to thee,
That I should ever see thy grave
Beside that hollow spreading tree.

And does, alas! thy warning voice,
Do thy instructive accents cease?
Thy grateful pupil heaves a sigh:—
Oh! may thy spirit rest in peace!

Address to a SNOW-DROP.
By Mr. WEBB, *author of "Haverhill," and other Poems.*

WHY dost thou, silver-vested flow'r,
While tempests howl, and snow-storms low'r,
Thus boldly brave stern Winter's pow'r,
And rear thy head?
Why so impatient? why not stay,
Till Zephyrs drive rude blasts away,
And day's bright orb, with cheering ray,
Warm thy cold bed?

Why stay not till the primrose pale
With simple beauty spots the dale,
Till violets load the passing gale
With luscious balm—
Till moist-ey'd April's genial show'rs
Rouse Flora's train of painted flow'rs,
And songsters fill the leafy bow'rs
With music's charm?

Fair flow'r! thy hardy front defies
The rigor of inclement skies;
The blast of winter o'er thee flies,
Nor chills thy form.
Thus Virtue stands with placid mien,
While whirlwinds desolate the scene,
And, cheer'd by hope, with mind serene,
Smiles at the storm.

The LANDING *of the* BRITISH ARMY *in Portugal*
(*From Mr. Scott's " Vision of Don Roderick."*)

IT was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!
  The billows foam'd beneath a thousand
    oars. [unite,
Fast as they land, the red-cross ranks
  Legions on legions bright'ning all the
    shores [roars;
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal
  Then peals the warlike thunder of the
    drum, [pours,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish
  And patriot hopes awake, and doubts
    are dumb; [of Ocean come!
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands

A various host they came—whose ranks
    display [the fight:
  Each mode in which the warrior meets
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
  And meditates his aim the marksman
    light; [bright,
Far glance the lines of sabres flashing
  Where mounted squadrons shake the
    echoing mead, [night,
Lacks not artill'ry breathing flame and
  Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid
    steed, [speed.
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in

A various host—from kindred realms they
    came,
  Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair bands shall merry England
    claim, [crown.
  And with their deeds of valour deck her
Hers their bold port, and hers their mar-
    tial frown, [dom's cause,
  And hers their scorn of death in Free-
Their eyes of azure and their locks of
    brown, [out a pause,
  And the blunt speech that bursts with-
And freeborn thoughts, which league the
    soldier with the laws.

And O! lov'd warriors of the minstrel's
    land*! [wave!
  Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans
The rugged form may mark the mountain
    band, [grave;
  And harsher features, and a mien more
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so
    brave [tish plaid:
  As that which beats beneath the Scot-
And, when the pibroch† bids the battle
    rave, [laid,
  And level for the charge your arms are
Where lives the desp'rate foe, that for
    such onset staid?

* Scotland. † The Highland bag-pipe.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laugh-
    ter rings, [minstrelsy,
  Mingling wild mirth with war's stern
His jest while each blithe comrade round
    him flings,
  And moves to death with military glee!
Boast, Erin*, boast them! tameless, frank,
    and free, [ger known,
  In kindness warm, and fierce in dan-
Rough Nature's children, humorous as
    she: [proudest tone
  And HE, yon chieftain†—strike the
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is
    thine own.

* The Gaelic name of Ireland.

† Lord Wellington.

TO-MORROW.

By Mary F. JOHNSON, *author of " Original Sonnets, and other Poems."*

Now high reflected radiance richly warms
  The blue horizon with vermilion streaks;
And of To-morrow's renovated charms,
  Propitiously the ev'ning glory speaks.
But why, oh Hope! will thy confiding
    heart
  To-morrow's pledge so credulously trust?
Deceitful as to-day, will she depart—
  Like her, to ev'ry previous vaunt unjust.
Yet Hope's enchantment robes the distant
    scene: [view:
  Fair seems To-morrow in perspective
False will she be, as former days have
    been; [is true:
  But, though the dream deceive, its bliss
And still shall expectation fondly say,
"To morrow will be better than to-day."

To a MISER.

MEN say you are wealthy, but falsely,
    I'm sure;
  And thus can I prove it, my friend:
You have not a penny to give to the
    poor,
  Nor have you a penny to spend.
You keep, it is true, an abundance of pelf;
But that's for your heirs: it is not for
    yourself.

L' ESPÉRANCE.

J'ENTENDS toujours l'homme crier
    misère,
  Et, chaque jour, accuser le destin:
Mais, chaque jour, on attend, on espère;
  Et, chaque jour, nous vivons pour
    demain.

*** *A Translation or Imitation is requested.*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Infamy un-exampled.—In June 1810, a cause was tried at Bombay (Kitson *v.* Sterling) in which it was clearly proved that the defendant, Capt. Sterling, had, by threats of death, compelled his wife falsely to swear herself guilty of acts of adultery with her own brother-in-law, and several other men, for the purpose of extorting considerable sums of money from the supposed adulterers.—The particulars of this shocking trial have lately been published in London in a pamphlet.

Population of the United States.—The official returns, in the year 1810, stated the number at above seven millions two hundred thousand souls.

In May last, some robbers broke open the tomb of the mother of the Sultan Selim, at Constantinople, and robbed it of gold cloths and precious stones to the value of one hundred and fifty thousand piastres. Suspicion alighting on some Sclavonian slaves, they were taken up, and put to the torture; two of them refusing to make confession, were impaled in the streets of Constantinople, and remained alive, but in dreadful agony, twenty-two hours.

St. Domingo.—Christophe and his wife were crowned, with great pomp, on the 2d of June, as king and queen of Hayti [the original name of the island.]—In the same month, several British cruisers anchored off Gonaïves, and demanded the restitution of two vessels from Jamaica, which had been carried into that port, as well as satisfaction for the death of a British seaman, killed by a shot from one of the batteries at Cape François. These demands being rejected by Christophe, measures were immediately taken for blockading his fleet at Gonaïves and the Cape.

A flight of some hundred storks, on the 25th June, alighted in the vicinity of Bamberg, in Germany, and were caught by the inhabitants.

The Volcano, which broke out near the Azores on the 16th June, had, on the 4th July, formed a new island from two to three miles in circumference.

Hurricanes.—Great damage was done by a violent gale at Quebec and in the gulf of St. Laurence on the 6th of July, and in various parts of the West Indies on the 7th and 8th.

Sicily.—A letter, of July 26, from on board a British vessel off Palermo, mentions that an order had been issued by her Sicilian Majesty, directing all the English travelers to quit Palermo without delay, in consequence, as she said, of their having interfered too much, and taken liberties too great respecting the government of the country.

Letters from Malta, of August 2, state that a very destructive conflagration had occurred at Constantinople.—The numerous calamities of this kind, in so many different parts of Europe, have excited strong suspicions that they have been occasioned by political incendiaries.

Rome. Aug. 2.—Great improvements have been made in this city. The Forum, the places in the vicinity of the Capitol, and the monuments which were the pride and glory of the ancient Romans, have assumed a very different and improved appearance. Several convents and houses have been pulled down; and, in their place, are open walks and promenades. The filth which had accumulated for several centuries in the public places, has been in a great measure removed, and will soon be completely so. The waste and barren places in the environs of Rome will be changed into gardens and cotton-plantations; and many other improvements are intended to be made next year.

Cadiz, Aug. 9.—Serious dissensions and a total distrust prevail between the government and the people: and a placard has been posted up in the principal streets of Cadiz, cautioning the people to "look to themselves," and "not suffer themselves to be blinded by hypocritial patriots."

Konigsberg, Aug. 12.—During the late excessive heat, the thermometer here being placed in the sun, and exposed to the south, stood always above 40 degrees (122 of Fahrenheit) so that wax was melted; sealing-wax could be bent and worked up; and it was impracticable to remain exposed to the sun-beams. During the continuance of this excessive heat, Prussia has suffered much by a number of the forest woods taking fire, some of which were to a considerable extent, one of which was in the woods on the estate of Sadbreken, where nearly three fourths of the large underwoods were destroyed.

Frontiers of Hungary, Aug. 13.—All letters received from Wallachia unanimously agree in stating, that the opening of the campaign has not been favorable to the Russians, and that they have successively evacuated all the fortified places situate on the right bank of the Danube; they have even, it is said, abandoned Silistria and Rasgrad, after having demolished their fortifications.

August 19.—The fortress of Figueras, after a close blockade of above four months, was, from a total want of provisions, compelled to surrender to the French, at discretion; the only condition granted to the garrison being that of sparing their lives.

London, Aug. 24.—Advices from France by the last cartel state, that the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Council at Paris had been resumed, and it was supposed that an arrangement would be at length agreed upon between Napoleon and the Pope.

The New York Gazette notices, in a recent number, the daily arrival of passengers in the United States from Ireland. It adds, that many of them are persons of respectability and property, and computes, that, from May to the middle of last month, 3000 have landed in that city.

A handsome theatre is now erecting in the island of Barbadoes.

By advices from Lord Wellington, of *August* 28, we learn that the extreme heat obliged the armies to remain in their cantonments, and the allies maintained the blockade of Ciudad Rodrigo, but there appeared no preparations for undertaking the regular siege of that place. The advices add, that, owing to the influence of the season, there had been some increase in the numbers of our sick; but the cases were generally slight, and the deaths were very few.

London, Aug. 30.—A chain bridge has been cast over the Merrimack, three miles above Newbury Port, in the State of Massachusetts. It consists of a single arch of 244 feet in length. The abutments are of stone, 47 feet long and 37 high; the uprights, or framed work, which stand on the abutments, are 35 feet high, over which are suspended ten distinct chains, the ends of which, on both sides of the river, are buried in deep pits and secured by large stones; each chain is 516 feet long. This bridge has two passage ways, of 15 feet in width each: and the floor is so solid as to admit of horses, carriages, &c. traveling at any speed, with very little perceptible motion of the floor.

Chinese Tartary.—It is stated in a German paper, on the authority of some merchants who have arrived at Moscow from China, that an adventurer, named Baghvan-Ho, has recently collected a number of followers in Great Tartary, and has induced them, in conjunction with several wandering tribes of Mingals, to submit to his authority in the double character of Prince and Pontiff. His followers, believing him to be possessed of supernatural power, profess the most ardent devotion to his will; and their conduct, on several occasions, when attacked by other tribes, was characterised by all that zeal which marks the adherents of a new religion. The caravans which traverse the desert, pay him tribute, though escorted by Chinese or Russian soldiers. The merchants who were introduced to him fell prostrate at the threshold of his tent, and remained in that posture during the audience; he spoke to them in four languages, and was courteous in his manners. The Chinese governor of Nayman, not daring to attack him, lately sent some individuals in his confidence, with presents, and orders to learn his views, resources, &c. Baghvan Ho, at this audience, assumed the title of *King of Tartary*, and made a pompous display of his followers, about 60,000 of whom were armed with bows and arrows, lances, and indifferent guns. To show the influence he possessed over them, he made a signal, and 100 voluntarily embraced death by stabbing themselves to the heart. The Chinese government, alarmed at the proximity of this aspiring chieftain, was strengthening the frontier garrisons, and taking other measures of precaution against the consolidation of a power, which not only threatened the independence of the country, but menaced the extinction of the present dynasty.

Heat.—On the 30th of August, some furze, at a few miles' distance from Lisbon, took fire from the intense heat of the weather; and the conflagration extended, in a few hours, over an area of four square miles, in which twenty-seven houses were consumed.

Mr. Lang, a wealthy landed proprietor in Styria, has been extremely successful in extracting oil from grape-stones. He calculates, that all the vines in the Austrian monarchy will furnish yearly 800,000 lbs. of good oil.

Two theatres are building at Petersburg, under the avowed patronage of the court, in which none but dramatic pieces

in the Greek language are to be represented.

Advices from Hamburg, of *September* 3, state, that a young man, as he was proceeding to the place where he was to be shot, for holding intercourse with England, was rescued by the multitude. In consequence of this obstruction, the military immediately fired on the populace, and killed between 40 and 50 of them.

London, Sept. 5.—Jamaica papers, just received, inform us that fresh attempts have been made to set fire to the town of Montego-Bay.

Guineas, in France, have lately fallen in value fifteen per cent.

London, Sept. 7.—Information from Portugal states that our army is becoming extremely sickly—that the typhus fever rages among them to a great degree—and that the number of sick exceeds *twelve thousand*.

London, Sept. 10.—A letter from Lisbon states, that the deaths in the British army had been 12 per day, but that they had been reduced, by removing northward, to 80 per month.

London, Sept. 13.—It appears from the French papers received yesterday, that more than 1000 acres in the territory of Rome have been recently planted with the cotton-shrub. A considerable cotton-mill was erected some time ago at Therme, not far from Rome. A flock of Merinoes is also on its journey to the Campagna di Roma.

London, Sept. 14.—We have intelligence, that the town of Kioff, the capital of the Ukraine, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. Several hundred people lost their lives, and about 3000 houses were consumed. The loss is calculated at 15 millions of roubles.

London, Sept. 17.—We learn that the unrolling and transcribing of ancient manuscripts, found at Herculaneum, is carried on, with much industry and success, by Messrs. Rosini, Scotti, and Pessette, who, under the patronage of the government, have already published some portions of the literary treasures thus recovered from oblivion.

London, Sept. 19.—Letters from Gibraltar state, that the yellow fever had not made its appearance in the town or garrison. In consequence of its having visited Carthagena, an order had been issued at Gibraltar, that all ships from the Mediterranean should perform a ten days' quarantine.

London, Sept. 22.—The city of Wreden, in the department of Lalippe, has, with the exception of fourteen houses, been entirely destroyed by a conflagration.

Horrors upon horrors!—A slave-owner in Nevis—a *civil magistrate!*—lately caused above twenty of his slaves, women as well as men, to be publicly flogged in the open market-place, for having only shown a reluctance to acquiesce in his cruel practice of compelling them, after the laborious drudgery of a toilsome day, to perform additional work in the fields by moon-light; which is forbidden by law.—The mode of flogging is so cruelly severe, that the law forbids above *forty* lashes—perhaps more than equivalent to five or six hundred in the army: yet this fiend incarnate inflicted on one man *three hundred and sixty-five* of those lashes! on one woman, *two hundred and twelve!* on another, *two hundred and ninety one!*—One of the females exclaimed, under the lash, that she was in a state of pregnancy: yet the punishment was continued.—During the execution, *seven magistrates* were near enough to have interfered: two of them, *clergymen*, were within hearing of the lash: another was seen *looking on* during the greater part of the time: yet no interference took place.—The House of Assembly, however, passed a censure on the blood-thirsty author of those atrocities, and ordered a prosecution. He was acquitted! and, in his turn, commenced an action against the printer of the St. Christopher's Gazette for publishing the resolutions and minutes of evidence by order of the Nevis House of Assembly.—The printer was found "Guilty of publishing a libel issued by the House of Assembly of Nevis, under a mistaken opinion that it was not a libel, and that the authority of that body justified his publishing their resolutions."—He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and to find bail for three years!—But we are happy to add, that the Prince Regent has ordered all the magistrates, who might have known and prevented such an outrage, to be deprived of their commissions in the most public and disgraceful manner possible.

London, September 24.—On Friday last, Bonaparté sent out from Boulogne seven large praams, eleven gun-brigs, and some small craft, in all 27 sail, to attack one British frigate, three sloops of war, and a cutter. Himself in person was stationed without the harbour, to view the action; and so confident of success, that he had sent out a pilot to conduct the British frigate to Havre de Grâce. But his flotilla was defeated, and one of his commodores taken.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

WITH slight occasional variations for the better and the worse, His Majesty has continued, and still continues; in the same hopeless state with respect to mental recovery, in which we described him at the date of our last publication. His bodily health at present is reported to be tolerably good: he is said to take his meals regularly, and with good appetite, and to walk freely through his suite of apartments. But the account, heretofore given in the newspapers, and by us repeated upon their authority, of his apartments being lined with cushions and stuffings, and the carpets underlayed with cork, has since been acknowledged to be a pure unfounded fiction.

Irish Catholics.—In defiance of the Viceregal proclamation, the Catholics, in every quarter of the island, have held, and continue to hold, public meetings, and to pass resolutions strongly declaratory of their determination to persevere in the pursuit of their rights. Those meetings, conducted with calm and dignified decorum, are sanctioned by the presence and warm approbation of numerous Protestants of the highest respectability for character, fortune, and talents —among them, a long list of magistrates —and, at one particular meeting (that of Galway), two members of the privy council.—Some of the most eminent of the legal profession have decidedly given their opinions in favor of the Catholics, and against the authors of the proclamation; the legality of the late arrests having been positively and openly denied by three judges, eleven king's counsel, and upwards of sixty utter barristers. The Government, however, still retain their own opinion; and the attorney general has commenced prosecutions against the proprietors and printers of the "*Freeman's Journal*" and "*Dublin Evening Herald*," for publishing the proceedings of the Catholic meeting in Dublin. Besides, a magistrate (Mr. Lidwell), who had refused to obey and enforce the proclamation, has been struck off the list of magistrates; and a corps of yeomanry, which he commanded, were ordered to deposit their arms and accoutrements in the barracks at Thurles; in consequence of which order, the corps and their commander have indignantly resigned.

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *August* 29, fifteen pence, halfpenny —*September* 5, the same—*Sept.* 12, sixteen pence—*Sept.* 19, sixteen pence halfpenny —*Sept.* 26, sixteen pence, three farthings.

Intrepidity.—In the night of March 11, nine armed robbers entered the house of Sir John Purcell, at Highford in Ireland. Sir John, armed only with a case knife, but having the advantage of being himself in a dark room, and seeing them by moonlight as they advanced from the adjoining apartment, killed two of the villains, severely wounded three, and succeeded in completely routing the party; the survivors carrying off their lifeless associates.

Lime-Vapor.—August 19, a man, sleeping in the close cabin of a vessel in Balcarry bay, was suffocated by the vapor from a cargo of lime in the hold.—Two others narrowly escaped.

Comet.—August 21, at ten minutes past eight in the evening, a comet made its appearance above our horizon.

Another Monster!—Aug. 22, as Miss L. of Chelsea was walking home through the Park in the evening, she was accosted by a villain in the garb of a clergyman, who addressed her in the most insinuating manner. When about half way across the Park, he suddenly seised her round the waist, and, drawing out a sharp instrument, stabbed her in the thigh.— A few nights afterwards, a villain, probably the same, conversing with a female in Gore-lane, severely wounded her in the arm.

Sheriff's Officers.—Aug. 22, at the Kent assises, a verdict was given against a sheriff's officer for the amount of a debt due from a person whom he had been employed to arrest. The officer had given the writ to two unauthorised persons, who arrested the debtor, but suffered him to escape. The judge (Lord Ellenborough) declared that they were not justified by law in executing the writ; and that, if the debtor had resisted, and killed one of them, his act would have been simple manslaughter, or perhaps only justifiable homicide.

A curious fish was last week caught off

the Yarmouth coast. It is about four feet and a half long, and weighs 80lbs. has a head like a toad, with very small eyes; its upper fins like wings, broad body, and tapering tail near two feet long. The color of the back of this fish is dusky, the belly white, the skin smooth: it resembles the *lophius*, fishing frog, or toad fish.

A Knock at the Door.—A few nights since, Mr. Brown, at Maidenhead Thicket, having opened his door on hearing a knock, received a blow of a mallet on the forehead, from a villain, who, with an accomplice, rushed in, and robbed the house.

Cleaning Windows.—Aug. 27, the female servant of Mr. Humphries, of Portland road, while cleaning the first floor windows of her master's house, missed her hold, and fell on the spikes of the iron railing beneath. She was so dreadfully lacerated, that little hopes are entertained of her recovery.—What a shame that females should be employed in such dangerous service!

A printed account, attested by several respectable medical gentlemen of Litchfield, Burton, Derby, &c. has just been put into circulation, containing the particulars of the remarkable case of a young woman, about twenty years of age, of the name of Sarah Houghton, from whom it appears that nearly two hundred pins and needles have at different times, and from various parts of her body, been extracted. From the respectable signatures which accompany the account, there can be no doubt of the fact. She affirms that she has no recollection of ever having swallowed either needles or pins.

Singular Occurrence.—John Develin, of Ballintory, and another passenger, left their boat on the beach near South End, Kintyre, to look for a third hand to navigate her home. He had a chest on board containing bank-notes, amounting to upwards of £50. On their return they found the ebb had left their boat dry, leaning to seaward, and the chest gone. Concluding it had been stolen, they made search for it, but in vain. Giving it up for lost, he came home, and a few days after heard it was found in the island of Rathlin. He went there, and was agreeably surprised to get it restored to him by the finder, with his notes and every other article in it, as safe as when he locked them up. The island of Rathlin lies between Scotland and Ireland, about three leagues from the latter, and probably ten from the former, from whence the chest had floated.

Insolvent Debtors.—Aug. 28, the Common Council of London ordered five pounds to be paid to each of the freemen of the City (thirty-seven in number), confined for debt in Newgate and Ludgate prisons, and intending to take the benefit of the Insolvent Act.

Gluttony.—A few evenings since, a man well known by the name of Hungry Joe, undertook for a trifling wager to eat two bullocks' hearts, weighing together twelve pounds and a half, a half quartern loaf, and to drink half a gallon of porter, and half a pint of brandy, in the short space of an hour. This feat took place at a house at Bermondsey; but he lost, not being able to get down the last quarter of a pound of one of the hearts, in consequence of being taken extremely ill.

This is so great a plum year, that the most delicious *green gages* have been sold in some of the Kentish markets at eight pence a gallon.

Simon's Crown Piece.—Aug. 29. At the sale of the duplicates of the British Museum, a crown piece, supposed to be the identical one presented by the artist to Charles II. was sold for *one hundred and two pounds!*

Balloon.—August 29, Mr. Sadler again ascended from Hackney, accompanied by Mr. Beaufoy, and, after a flight of forty-seven miles in one hour and a half, alighted near East Thorpe, about six miles from Colchester.—In their aerial voyage, they experienced a severe storm, which rapidly whirled the balloon about in an alarming manner, and was attended with a heavy shower of hail, which seriously incommoded them, as well by its beating in the first instance, as by its subsequent melting, and dripping on them from the balloon.—Mr. Sadler had taken up with him some carrier pigeons:—when liberated from the bag in which they were confined, they took a circular flight, and immediately returned to the balloon, on which they perched, as if unwilling to leave it. Six of them, however, were at length forced from the car, and they winged their course towards the region from whence they had come. The seventh, on which the greatest dependence had been placed for carrying intelligence to the friends of Mr. Beaufoy, instead of obeying the wishes of his master, flew to the top of the balloon, and there kept its station till the descent,

when it flew into a tree, from whence it was driven by a boy sent up for the purpose. It did not arrive home till the next morning.

Dwarf.—There is at present living at Lochlyack, in the parish of Carmichael, near Tinto, a young man who has now reached his eighteenth year, in full health, and complete organization; but whose height is only two feet five inches. There is nothing singular in his appearance, except his head, which is much larger, in proportion, than the rest of his body.

Mushrooms.—At Newry, in Ireland, four persons lately lost their lives by eating of a poisonous fungus resembling a mushroom.

Mr. Finnerty's Subscription.—September 3. Amount advertised, above £870.

Methodists.—The Society of Methodists have purchased the superb mansion and grounds of Apperley-bridge in the West riding of Yorkshire, for the purpose of a public school on the model of that at Kingswood, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and on a scale sufficiently large to accommodate 400 boys, principally the sons of ministers of that community.

Love.—A young lady, of great respectability and large fortune, attended by some female domestics, is going out in one of the transports for Botany Bay, to be married to one of the convicts on their arrival.

Population.—London (including Westminster and the Borough) contains at present 483,781 male inhabitants, and 615,323 females—total, 1,099,104 souls, making an increase of 133,139 in the last ten years.—Glasgow contains 108,830 inhabitants—Edinburgh, 103,143—Manchester, 98,573—Liverpool, 98,371.

British Prisoners in France.—Sept. 4. Amount of subscriptions advertised, above sixty-six thousand pounds.

Pawning.—Sept. 4 John Williams was publicly whipped on Clerkenwell-green, for pawning watches which had been given to him to repair.

Lamp lighters.—From an investigation at the police-office, it appears that the proprietor of Vauxhall gardens has, during the season, been regularly robbed of between eighty and a hundred gallons of oil per week, by persons employed to trim and light the lamps.—After the discovery, the lamps burned brighter, though the quantity of oil was less than usual, by above twenty gallons per night.

Impounding of Cattle.—In a cause tried at the Somerset assises, it was decided that proprietors of land adjoining to commons or wastes, if they do not keep up good and sufficient fence, are not legally authorised to impound cattle found trespassing.

French Theatricals.—Sept. 3. A neat little theatre, fitted up by the French officers on parole at Cupar, was opened for the first time. They have been in every thing their own artists. The scene-painting, the interior decorations of the theatre, the arrangement of the costume, the getting up of a complete stage apparatus, and, above all, the forming of a most excellent band for the orchestra, are all their own doings.

Cabbage.—An Edinburgh paper describes a cabbage, in the garden of James Cunningham, Esq. of Kelso, of so large a size, as to cover with the external leaves a circuit of 18 feet, and measuring, in the solid body of the plant, 39 inches in circumference.

September 7. A powder-mill blew up on Hounslow Heath, and two of the workmen unfortunately lost their lives.

Diving-Bell.—Sept. 8. One Rogers, a Welch seaman, descended in a diving-bell, to recover the cargo of a lighter, laden with iron, which some time since sunk at Passage, Cork. The bell had 11 cwt of metal fastened round its circumference. A sloop was placed over the wreck, from the bowsprit of which the diver descended three times before he ascertained the precise situation of the wreck; in the third attempt, he was lowered into the hold of the vessel, from which he brought up a bar of iron in his hand.

Purity of Election.—The Morning Chronicle, of Sept. 9, quotes the following curious advertisement from a Plymouth paper—"*Prospect of a general Election.*—To be disposed of by private contract, a bond for three votes in the Borough of Saltash, in three lots, or together.—Apply to the proprietor of this paper."—(Plymouth and Dock Telegraph.)

Fire-Balloons.—Sept. 9. A fire-balloon, sent up from the neighbourhood of Marlow, fell, at the distance of near twenty miles, into a farm-yard near Shottesbrook, Oxfordshire, where it caused a very destructive conflagration.

Convicts.—Upwards of two hundred men, selected from the hulks and prisons, are, in a few days, to proceed on their voyage to New South Wales.

Female Resolution.—Sept. 10 A robber, in Oxford-street, snatched a lady's

ridicule [*reticule*] from her hand, and attempted to escape. She seised him by the coat, was dragged by him some distance, and received a violent kick in the breast, but still retained her hold, till a passenger assisted in securing the villain.

Sept. 10. At Plymouth, the foundation-stone of a new theatre, ball-room, and hotel, was laid.

Robbery at the Queen's House.—Sept. 11, it was discovered that the presses in the Queen's house, which contained her court and other most valuable dresses, had been opened, and the contents stolen, to the value of two thousand pounds. No injury was done to the locks: and no suspicion attached itself to any individual until the following day, when the husband of the female who was entrusted with the care of the presses being in the room, heard a gentle tap at the door; and, on opening it, a man, who had formerly been employed to keep the locks, &c. about the Queen's house in repair, presented himself with a key half hidden in the palm of his hand, who said he was looking for a bell-hanger. Being challenged with having a key in his hand, he denied it, and afterwards pulled one from his pocket, which appeared to be much larger than the other.—This man had formerly been employed by Mr. Hanson, locksmith to the royal family; but, having been, some time since, discharged for idleness and drunkenness, he had now no pretence whatever for going to the Queen's house.—He was taken into custody; and a warrant has been issued against another man, discharged by Mr. Hanson about the same time with him, and who has since been seen about the house.

Fictitious Bank-Notes.—Sept. 12 W. Sutton was committed from Union Hall, to be tried for a capital offence, in altering the sham notes of the "*Fleet Bank*," so as to make them resemble Bank of England notes.

The Glocester Music-Meeting concluded on the 12th September. It produced, in the three days, £752 in aid of the Charity for Widows and Orphans of the poor Clergy. Madame Catalani, besides her gratuitous performance, gave £50 to the Charity.

Lap Dog.—The Morning Chronicle, of September 13, says, "A lady has been presented with a lap-dog, in whose ears were a pair of diamond ear-rings."—No name is mentioned.

Gold Coin.—Great quantities are exported from Kent to the opposite shore; and the exporters receive, for every *hundred* pounds in cash, good bills on London for *a hundred and forty*.

Two shipwrights belonging to the dock-yard at Plymouth, being at work on board an old Spanish sloop of war, which is fitting for a receiving hulk, in cutting away a piece of cieling plank, they found a bag of doubloons concealed, to the value of upwards of £500.

The Ely Bank stopped payment, September 16.

Rubbish.—At the Middlesex Sessions, Sept. 18, a person was condemned to pay a fine of ten pounds, and to be imprisoned a month, for laying rubbish in the middle of the street, by which a carriage was overturned, and the driver hurt.

Bank Coinage.—Sept. 19. At the half-yearly meeting of the proprietors of Bank-stock, it was stated, that the Bank had a considerable quantity of silver in their possession, which they destined for coining; and that no less a sum than £500,000 had already been put into circulation:—considerable sums had been sent to the different large towns throughout the country, in proportion to their reputed population: and very large sums had also been distributed among the different London bankers, so much as £500 weekly. They intended, in this way, to continue coining till the wants of the country were completely supplied.

Breaking Prison.—In the case of Rob. Roberts, lately tried at the Old Bailey for breaking out of the House of Correction in Cold-bath-fields, and acquitted, Mr. Justice Bayley gave his decided opinion that the crime for which a prisoner was committed must be proved against him, before he can be convicted of a crime in breaking out of custody.

BORN.

August 24. Of the lady of Thomas Langston, esq. Great-Ormond street, a daughter.

Aug. 25. Of the lady of R. S. Adair, esq. Great Cumberland-place, a son and heir.

Aug. 26. Of the lady of John Freewen Turner, esq. M. P. a son and heir.

Aug. 26. Of Lady Phillips, Buckingham-gate, a son.

Aug. 26. Of the lady of Thos. Peregrine Courtenay, esq. a daughter.

Aug. 27. Of the Hon. Mrs. John Vaughan, Montague-place, Russell-squ. a son.

Aug. 29. Of Lady Elizabeth Littlehales, Dublin, a daughter.

Aug. 29. Of Mrs. H. C. Tindal, Gower-sreet, a son.

September 5. Of Lady Ann Chad, a son and heir.

Sept. 9. Of the lady of Thos. Lewin, esq Bedford-square, a son.

Sept. 15. Of Mrs. Samuel Bishop, Bedford-place, a son.

Sept. 17. Of Mrs. S. Cowley, Russell-square, a daughter.

Sept. 20. Of the lady of Chas. Coote, esq. Cadogan place, a son.

MARRIED.

August 20. Henry Cadogan, esq. of Arundel-street, Strand, to Miss Susanna Thomsett, of Dover.

Aug. 23. Captain Agar, M. P. to Miss Margaret Lind, of Stratford-place.

Aug 24. Lieut gen. Sir J. C. Sherbroke, to Miss Catharine Pyndar, of Areley-House, Worcestershire.

Aug. 27. The Hon Capt. Bennett, of the navy, to Miss Conyers, of Essex.

Aug. 28. The Rev. John Grover, of Rainham, Norfolk, to Miss Harriet Dickinson, of Bramblebury, near Woolwich.

Aug. 29. Bernard Winter, esq. to Miss Mary Crowcher, of Densworth, Sussex.

Aug. 31. John Howard, esq. of Rippon, Yorkshire, to Miss Martha Compson, of Cleobury.

September 3. The Hon. Henry Butler, to Miss Ann Harrison, of Yorkshire.

Sept. 12. Chas. H. Phillips, esq. of Pall-mall to Miss Charlotte Bunce, of Gower-street.

Sept. 14. W. Marsh, esq. of Knightsbridge, to Miss Tregilien, of Hans-place.

Sept. 14. John B. Heath, esq. of Queen-square, to Miss Sophia Bland, of Leicester-square.

Sept. 19. J. P. Hodgson, esq. of Battersea, to Miss How, of Meare, Somersetshire.

Sept. 23. W. G. Frith, esq. of Sheffield, to Mrs. Thomas, of Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

DECEASED.

Aug. 17. The Rev. Edward Pearson, D.D. rector of Kempstone, Nottinghamshire.

Aug. 17. Sam. Manning, esq. High Wycombe, Bucks.

Aug. 21. Ann, Countess of Dumfries and Stair, aged 73.

Aug. 28. Mrs. Jenkinson, relict of J. Jenkinson, brother to the late earl of Liverpool.

Aug. 29. Lady Bickerton, relict of Admiral Sir R. Bickerton.

September 1. Peter Baillie, esq. M.P. for Inverness, &c.

Sept. 3. At Paris, aged 87, the Count de Bougainville, the celebrated French navigator.

Sept. 4. At Hubberstone, aged a *hundred and nine*, Mary Martin, whose memory and intellects continued un-impaired to the last moment.

Lately, Mrs. Ann Cæcilia Doddridge, last surviving daughter of Dr. Doddridge.

Sept. 5. The Rev. Edward Kimpton, vicar of Ryegate, in his 68th year.

Sept. 5. Lady Hudson, wife of Sir Chas. Grave Hudson, bart.

Sept. 6. The lady of Major general Richardson, Nottingham-place.

Sept. 7. Miss Wallace, of Charlotte-street, Portland-place.

Sept. 10. Miss Juliana Dilkes, sister of Major gen. Dilkes.

Lately, Sir John Lees, bart.

Sept. 17. The Hon. & Rev. Charles Digby, one of the canons of Wells cathedral.

Sept. 17. Isalla Georgiana, daughter of Lord John Townshend.

Sept. 17. The Hon. Mrs. Cornwallis, wife of the Bishop of Litchfield.

Sept. 20. Mrs. Portal, of Freefolk House, Hants.

Sept. 21. W. Adams, esq. M.P. for Totness.

APPENDIX.

Cuckoo.—About three months ago, a young cuckoo was taken from a hedge sparrow's nest in the neighbourhood of Liskeard, and carried to the house of Mr. Moon of that town. In the house was a Canary-bird, which, upon seeing the cuckoo, appeared much agitated. The cuckoo being then put into the cage with the Canary-bird, the latter immediately began to feed the young stranger, and continued to perform that maternal office down to the date of our information, about a month since.

Finding lost Property.—In a trial at the Nottingham assises, it was decided that a person detaining lost property after the offer of a reasonable reward (i. e. a reward equal to one twentieth of its value) is *guilty of felony*.

Chimney Robber.—A chimney-sweeper has lately committed several robberies, by climbing on the roofs of houses, and going down the chimneys.